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ART. I. — *The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth.* London. 1832. 4 vols.

THIS is not the latest edition of the poetical works of William Wordsworth, that has appeared either in England or in this country; but it is the latest which happens to be in our possession, and it is the one from which we shall make such extracts as we may see proper to introduce in the course of our remarks.

In proceeding to offer some considerations on the merits of William Wordsworth as a poet, we find ourselves in a sad predicament, or, as the worthy Captain Truck would say, "in a category." Our brethren of the reviewing tribe seem to have conspired to elevate the said William Wordsworth to the throne of English Poesy, and we are in danger of suffering decapitation if we do not go with them, and pretty sure of being hung as traitors to the legitimate sovereign if we do. We hardly know what course to take. But, inasmuch as we are by nature strongly attached to legitimacy, and by education and habit not a little averse to innovations, rebellions, revolutions, and all such like matters, we believe we shall adhere to the old dynasty, and die, if die we must, in defence of the established

line of succession. This, upon the whole, is the safest course, and the one to which a scrupulous conscience the most easily reconciles itself. We do not, it is true, object absolutely to being hung; but if we must be hung, we choose it should be with a good conscience, and in the full assurance of the rectitude of our cause. The rebel, the man who seeks to overturn the settled order of things, and to introduce a new and untried order, can rarely have this good conscience, this full assurance. He wars against the sovereign he was taught and accustomed in childhood to love, reverence, and obey; and he meets not his fate without some inward questionings, some unpleasant misgivings. There is a wide difference between dying as a rebel, as a revolutionist, and dying as the advocate of legitimacy. In the first case the man dies in a strange land, away from all the associations dear to the heart, in the midst of strangers, looking only on strange faces, and listening only to strange tongues; in the last case the man dies at home, beneath the paternal roof, in the midst of old familiar friends, beholding old familiar faces, and hearing old familiar voices, which recall for him his earliest and sweetest life. We would die at home, beneath that same blue sky on which we gazed with the freshness of our young hearts, and in that humble but never forgotten cottage in which our eyes first opened to the light. So the heretic, however he wanders, whatever strange countries he visits, strange connexions he forms, returns at last to the church of his forefathers, and reposes on that soft maternal bosom on which his infant head was pillowed. We cannot prove false to our first love; and our latest offering shall be laid on the same altar which received our first and best.

Doubtless we shall be told that Wordsworth is the true poetical sovereign, and that, as the advocates of legitimacy, we ought to own his sway, and yield him our heart's homage. But this is the point in dispute. Is Wordsworth the real sovereign of English Poesy?

Is he a true poet? Who is a true poet? What is poetry?

The question, what is poetry, is not easily answered, and especially by one who, like ourselves, is to be regarded as destitute of the poetic temperament, as a sort of incarnation of prose. Nevertheless we will try to answer it, and answer it for the understanding, though we fail to answer it for the heart.

In justice to ourselves, we must premise that we undertake to answer the question, what is poetry, not without some scruples of conscience. Poetry is something to be felt, not defined. It appears to us almost an act of sacrilege, to attempt to analyze it and determine its essence. Who would apply the rule and dividers, or the dissecting knife to that loved face which beams upon his heart, which goes with him whithersoever he goes, and is to him the visible embodyment of his soul's Ideal of the Beautiful. When the true poet chants, we do never ask ourselves, Is this poetry? We listen, and it occurs not to us to ask, why we are pleased; why now we melt with tenderness; why now we frown with indignation; why now we are fired with love, with devotion; and why now we kindle, nerve our souls for deeds of lofty daring, and rush to the battle-field, the dungeon, the scaffold, the cross, for justice, for liberty, for country, for man, for God? We are in the hands of the poet as clay in the hands of the potter; or rather we are the living lyre, whose strings he sweeps with a bold hand, and from which he discourses his divine harmonies, and soul-subduing melodies. He who claims to be a poet, and yet cannot make his claims felt, is no true poet; his song may be divine-like, but it is not divine. It is in the absence of the miracle-worker, not in his presence, that we question the reality of the miracle.

Nevertheless, after the poet's strain has died into a distant echo, and we are left to recover from the spell with which he bound us, and to exercise with some degree of calmness the reflective powers with which we are endowed, to enter into ourselves, and analyze

our spiritual nature, we may possibly approach the source of the emotions of which we have been conscious, and obtain some clue to the answer to the question, what is poetry?

All the facts of consciousness, or phenomena of that world we carry in ourselves, are of a complex nature, but a profound psychology arranges them under three fundamental faculties, which, though never acting separately, are yet radically distinct. These three faculties, after Cousin, and some others, we term the reason or intellect, sensibility or capacity of feeling, and the activity, or power of willing. Man is a being capable of *knowing*, *feeling*, and *willing*. Reason or intellect is his only source of light, that by virtue of which he sees all he does see, and knows all that he does know.

Reason is both personal and impersonal, spontaneous and reflective. It sometimes acts by virtue of its own inherent energy, independently of our volitions, and instead of being subjected to them, it subjects them to itself, and compels us to receive and obey its laws. Sometimes, however, it acts only as we will to exercise it, and on such subjects only as we choose. In this last case it is personal, and is called reflection. In the other case it is impersonal, and is called spontaneity, or in ordinary language, inspiration.

The spontaneous reason, or spontaneity, expresses itself in various manners. Sometimes it utters itself by means of harmonies and melodies, and its utterance is called music; sometimes by means of forms and colors, and its utterance is sculpture and painting; sometimes by construction, in the Doric column, and the Gothic minster, and its utterance is architecture; sometimes in words, and then its utterance is poetry. We do not mean by this that every utterance of spontaneity by means of words, language, is poetry. The ordinary utterances of spontaneity, though akin to poetry, are not poetry. There is poetry only where spontaneity so utters itself as to move the sensibility. Poetry always excites, always kindles, and when it is genu-

ine and of a lofty kind, it affects the sensibility in the most powerful manner, and produces that spiritual state called enthusiasm.

Spontaneity is the divine in man. It is the voice of the universal reason, or Word of God, uttering itself in us. It is in immediate relation with God, and consequently with the primal source of truth, beauty, and goodness. It reveals to us truth, beauty, goodness, which are but different phases of absolute being — God. When these are revealed to the soul, when by spontaneity we are enabled to look through the veil of sense, and behold, as it were, the infinite God face to face, we are conscious of a shudder, not of fear, but of awe and delight. A thrill of inexpressible pleasure runs through us, and our whole souls, and even our bodies become instinct with life and enjoyment. This shudder, this delight, this pleasure, this enjoyment, feeling, is the poetic sentiment. When it is quickened by a distinct consideration of the Absolute as God, the Father, the Creator, the Protector, the Preserver, or the Sovereign, we call it the religious sentiment, or devotion, which we seek to express in prayers, praises, and the various forms of religious worship. When we express it without any conscious reference to the Divinity as such, we call it poetry.

Now any expression of the spontaneous reason which does not quicken the feeling, the sentiment here described, which does not make the soul shudder, thrill, — which does not produce more or less of enthusiasm, is not poetry, whatever use may be made of rhyme or measured language. He who shudders not before the infinite, dimly or clearly revealed to his soul, before the beautiful or the good which unveils itself to his spiritual vision, is no poet. The spontaneous reason is in all men, and reveals to all men, every day of their lives, the infinite, the true, the beautiful, the good; but all men are not poets, because the revelation of which we speak does not excite emotion, does not move the sensibility in all men, and produce enthusiasm.

A man who can stand before the infinite unawed, behold God unmoved, and contemplate in nature or in man the truth, beauty, goodness which are in them, is no poet, however clear and comprehensive may be his views. If he can retain a perfect self-mastery, and disport himself at his ease, he may be a philosopher, a very extraordinary man, but not a poet. He masters the God that moves within him, instead of being mastered by him, and utters his own word, not God's word. So also the calm utterance of the inward revelations, their cool statement, which leaves the hearer wholly self-possessed, quiet, unagitated, is not poetry.

The poet is always a seer; and it is worthy of note that the common sense of mankind, which makes languages, frequently calls the poet and seer, or prophet, by the same name. Thus in Latin *vates* is either a prophet or a poet. The poet is not, strictly speaking, a *maker*, as the Greek name implies. He does not create — he finds; hence, poetry has with justice been made to consist chiefly in *invention*, in discovering, in seeing, finding, that which ordinary men heed not, see not, or do not imagine to exist. He catches glimpses more or less perfect of the infinite reality, which lies back of the phenomena observed by the senses, or which shines out through them, whether under the aspect of truth, beauty, or goodness; and his sensibility is agitated, his soul takes fire, and he utters what he sees in words that burn, in tones which make those who hear him feel as he feels, burn as he burns. This he may do, because the spontaneous reason, by means of which he obtains the glimpses which fill his soul with so much joy, is in all men, and thus lays the foundation of a secret but entire sympathy between him and them, making them capable of recognising the infinite he recognises, and of joining their voices with his in sublime chorus to the God of truth, beauty, goodness.

The poet, we have said, is a seer. He is a spectator. He stands before the spiritual universe, and merely sees what is before him. He does not make

that universe; nay, he has not sought to behold it. It has risen in its majesty, or in its loveliness before him. He does not seek his song; it comes to him. It is given him. He is, to a certain extent, a passive, though not an unmoved recipient of it. To this fact he always bears witness. It is not he that sings, it is his muse.

Musa, mihi causas memora.

Apollo or some God inspires him. The power he feels, the beauty he sees, he cannot ascribe to himself. The song he sings is a mystery unto himself, and he feels that it must have been given him from abroad, from above. A spirit glows within him, a mind agitates him, which he feels is not his spirit, is not his mind, but the mind of his mind, the spirit of his spirit, the soul of his soul. In this he is right. The spontaneous reason, spontaneity, from which his song proceeds, is, we have said, the divine in man, and it acts without being put into action by the human will. We may, by effort, by discipline, place ourselves in relation with it, bring ourselves within the sphere of its action; but it is impersonal, and divine; it is the spirit of God, a portion of which is given unto all men, the logos (reason) which John assures us enlightens every man who comes into the world.

It follows from the view now taken, that there is always truth in poetry. Of all known modes of utterance poetry is one of the truest; for it is the voice of the spontaneous reason, the word of God, which is in immediate relation with truth. It is truer than philosophy. For in poetry God speaks; whereas in philosophy it is only man that speaks. The reflective reason which gives us philosophy is personal, subject to all the infirmities of the flesh, short-sighted, and exclusive; but the spontaneous reason, of which poetry is one of the modes of utterance, is impersonal, broad, universal, embracing, as it were, the whole infinitude of truth. Hence the confidence mankind have universally reposed in their sacred prophets, in the

inspired chants of their divine bards, and the distrust they have pretty uniformly manifested for the speculations of philosophers. In trusting the bard, they have felt that they were relying on divine authority; but in trusting the philosopher, that they were confiding in a merely human authority.

Poetry, if it be poetry, is always inspired. It is inspiration, clothing itself with words. And inspiration is never referred to ourselves; we always refer it to God.

"In inspiration," says Cousin, "we are simple spectators. We are not actors, or at best our action consists in being conscious of what is taking place. This doubtless is activity, but not a premeditated, voluntary, and personal activity. The characteristic of inspiration is enthusiasm; it is accompanied by that strong emotion which forces the soul out of its ordinary and subaltern state, and calls into action the sublime and divine part of its nature:

Est Deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo.

And indeed man in the marvellous fact of inspiration and enthusiasm, unable to refer to himself the pure and primitive affirmation, which it is, refers it to God, and calls it revelation. Is the human race wrong? When man, conscious of his own feeble share in inspiration, refers to God the truths which he has not made, and by which he is subjugated, is he deceived? No, assuredly. For what is God? He is, I have said, thought in itself, absolute thought with its fundamental movements — the eternal reason, substance, and cause of the truths man perceives. When therefore man refers to God the truth which he can neither refer to himself nor to the external world, he refers it to that to which he ought to refer it, and the absolute affirmation of truth without reflection, inspiration, enthusiasm, is a real revelation. This is the reason why, in the infancy of civilization, he, who possesses the wonderful gift of inspiration in a higher degree than his brethren, is regarded by them as the confidant and interpreter of God. He is it for others because he is it for himself; and he is it for himself, because he is it, in fact, in a philosophical sense. Here is the sacred origin of prophecies, pontificates, and religions.

"Remark also a peculiar effect of the phenomenon of inspiration. When pressed by the vivid and rapid intuition of

truth, and transported by inspiration and enthusiasm, man attempts to utter in words what is passing within him, he can do it only in words which have the same character as the phenomenon itself. Hence the necessary form, the language of inspiration, is poetry, and the primitive word is a hymn." *

The poetic sentiment in its essence is not distinguishable from the religious sentiment. Either is that affection of the sensibility we are conscious of, when by inspiration, spontaneous revelations, we catch some glimpses of the truth, beauty, or goodness of God, that is, of God himself. Religion and Art are identical. Every work of Art is a sacrifice to God; and every sacrifice to God is a work of Art. Poetry, music, sculpture, painting — all, no less than what are usually termed religious rites and ceremonies, proceed from the same intuition of the true, the beautiful, the good, and are the homage the soul pays to the living God. All tend to proclaim the glory of God, and to develop and perfect the human soul. In the service of God's house, the soul seeks to utter the revelations made to it by the spirit of God; in every work of art, whatever its form, it seeks to do the same. Every genuine artist is a priest of the Most High God.

Poetry, as well as every other branch of art, then, is religious. Poetry is never an infidel. Its essence is a boundless faith in the Infinite. As dies out of the soul this boundless faith, so sinks the soul's power to produce poetry or even to relish it. Poetry affirms; it does not deny. Whoso would deny God, must do it in prose; he cannot do it in song. Atheism cannot be set to music. Every poet, so far forth as he is a poet, is devout; and every truly devout man is more or less of a poet, and chants rather than speaks the prayers and praises he addresses to the Deity. Who ever uttered his devotional feelings in sober prose, or sung his unbelief? Voltaire was a poet, and some may allege, also, an infidel; but he is a devout be-

* Introduction à l'Histoire de la Philosophie. Paris: 1828. Leçon VI. pp. 11 – 13. The whole Lecture may be read in this connexion with pleasure and profit.

liever whenever he sings, and his loftiest and truest poetry is found in those passages in which he approaches nearest the Christian faith, and utters the religious sentiment.

Poetry is also moral. Immorality has no power to wake the lyre and call forth its soul-subduing melodies. We have heard of the song of Moses and the Lamb; we have not heard of the song of the devil and his angels. There are no harps in hell. The poet cannot sing the false, the licentious, the low, the mean, the harmful. His soul kindles only in view of the true, the beautiful, the good, the lofty, the ennobling, the grand, the sublime. His song enlarges, purifies, strengthens, and exalts. He may not always, indeed, be pure in heart or upright in conduct, but just so far as he leaves the path of virtue, does he lose his inspiration, and cease to be a poet. Those passages, we sometimes come across in the writings of what are termed licentious poets, which seem to have a vicious tendency to throw ridicule on the moral virtues, and which make good men weep and the chaste blush, are not poetry, any more than the Anteros of the Greeks was Eros, the true God of Love. They are wretched prose. Art is divine, and nothing that is not of God can inspire the artist. The moment he loses sight of the Godlike, his productions become mean and contemptible.

And yet the true poem is by no means merely the sermon or homily "done into metre." God is the universal life, life itself, as his name, I AM, implies. All life, all being is from God, and he is in all life, all being. He is all that is. The universe with its endless variations is but "the varied God." In all outward nature and in man there are truth, beauty, goodness; and truth, beauty, goodness are, as we have said, but different aspects of the indwelling, all-creating, all-sustaining God — a truth beautifully expressed by our American poet in his Forest Hymn:

> "But thou art here — thou fill'st
> The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds

That run along the summit of these trees
In music ; — thou art in the cooler breath,
That from the inmost darkness of the place
Comes, scarcely felt ; — the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with thee."

In all that exists there is a living reality, which we may contemplate under the three-fold aspect of the true, the beautiful, and the good, and which quickens thought, love, and devotion. This living reality, wherever seen, under whatever aspect beheld, is God. Our senses do not attain to this reality ; they see only the appearance, the outward fact, which is but its shadow. Yet the soul may pierce the fact, go behind the appearance, and stand face to face with that which makes the fact, which casts the shadow. Then do all things live ; all nature breathes, has a feeling and a voice.

" How often we forget all time, when lone,
Admiring nature's universal throne,
Her woods, her wilds, her waters, the intense
Reply of hers to our intelligence.
Live not the stars and mountains ? Are the waves
Without a spirit ? Are the dropping caves
Without a feeling in their silent tears ?
No, no : they woo and clasp us to their spheres,
Dissolve this clog and clod of clay before
Its hour, and merge our souls in the great shore."

God is not merely in words and definitions. He is everywhere, and manifests himself in an infinite variety of forms. If blest with spiritual vision, we may see him in the starry heavens, in the foaming ocean, in the green earth, in the placid lake, the murmuring rill, the bubbling fountain, and humble violet that blooms in modesty beneath the hedge ; in the planting of the infant colony, the growth of the state, the overthrow of the empire. It is God that delivers the children of Israel from Egyptian bondage, leads them through the wilderness, gives them a code of laws, drives out the heathen before them, and plants them in a " land flowing with milk and honey." It is God

that conducts our pilgrim fathers, lands them on Plymouth Rock, sustains them in their war with the elements and their savage brethren, cuts down the forest before them, increases them to a mighty people, and erects them into a free state. God is in all events, from the death of the monarch on his throne, to the fall of the lonely sparrow. He is all and in all. He

> "Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
> Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
> Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
> Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
> Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
> As full, as perfect in a hair as heart;
> As full, as perfect in vile man that mourns,
> As the rapt seraph that adores and burns.
> To him no high, no low, no great, no small,
> He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all."

Religion is confined to no one manifestation of the Deity. The truly devout soul contemplates him in all his works, in the sacred chants of bards and prophets, in the woody dell, the opening flower, the waving grain, the golden sunset, the lengthening shadows of evening, the hues of the rainbow, the music of birds, the sublimity of the heavens, the majesty of the ocean, the roar of thunder, the fearful blast of the tempest, or the still loftier majesty of man, and higher sublimity of moral nature. Consequently, the range of the poet is as boundless as the Infinite, and the variations of his song may be as numerous as the various aspects under which the infinite God manifests himself to the soul of man.

It is of no consequence, then, what particular object, amidst the innumerable objects of the universe, the poet selects, the subject of his song is always the Infinite — that boundless world of Being, of Truth, Love, Goodness, Beauty, which lies back of the world of sense, and is ever, as it were, peering through it. Whether he select the forest, the sun, the moon, the stars, the sea, the flower, the landscape, the generous sentiment, the lofty deed, the noble daring, the

self-sacrifice, the humble affections of every-day life, the romantic passions of youth, the restless longings of a soul ill at ease, or the burning thirst to know, to pierce through the veil of sense, to explore the universe of Mystery which lies round, about, and within us, and compel the mighty Unknown to surrender his secret, it is always the indwelling God he seeks, to whom he prefers his petitions, and whose praises he sings. The strong emotion he feels is always the result of his intuition in all these of something more than appears — truer, better, more beautiful, more permanent, more Godlike. He who sings heroic deeds, sings God, for there is something of God in every act of true heroism; wherefore hero worship is not necessarily idolatry. He who sings liberty, sings God, for God is the essence of freedom, his law is the perfect law of liberty, and we approach him in proportion as we become free.

These remarks will suffice to show that, in denying poetry to all that is irreligious and immoral, we do by no means advance a narrow and exclusive theory. The theory we put forth is broad enough to embrace every imaginable species of poetry. Poetry, according to this theory, may be lyric, epic, dramatic, descriptive, narrative, didactic, idyllic, elegiac, or what not, only it must ever be the spontaneous utterance of the voice of truth, beauty, goodness, which fill the universe, are the ground of its being, and, as we have said, but varying aspects of the infinite, the living God.

We may now define poetry to be that branch of Art, which seeks to express in words the revelations of God made to the soul by the spontaneous reason, or spontaneity, which is, as we have said, the divine in man. These revelations in some degree are made to all men, but to the poet they come with more vividness and power, and are always accompanied by an inward shudder, a strong affection of the sensibility, which is usually termed enthusiasm. The poet lives; he kindles, he burns; and he kindles the souls of all who

listen to his inspired chant, and makes them burn as he burns. This effect on others he is able to produce, because he addresses in them that same spontaneity which is active within himself, and gives them glimpses of that same God by whom he himself is so deeply moved and agitated.

With these preliminary remarks on the nature of poetry, too extended we fear for the patience of our readers, and yet too brief for their subject, we proceed to an examination of the poetical works of William Wordsworth, and to ascertain, if we can, the poetical rank to which they are entitled.

That these works do not deserve the highest poetical rank, is evident from their great want of popularity. Wordsworth, we readily admit, is at present quite a favorite with reviewers, and most of our contemporaries in this country and in England have taken him under their especial protection; but still he is not popular. The circle of his admirers may be select, and highly cultivated, but it is not large. Notwithstanding his boasted simplicity and naturalness, it requires an artificial taste to relish him. The great mass of the reading public appear to hold him in no high esteem. This is especially true in this country, where only two moderate editions of his works, if we have been rightly informed, have as yet been called for. Now this is altogether against him. The popular voice is the only authority to which we may appeal in matters of poetry, or any of the fine arts. The few may be deceived, misled by their own speculations, disposed to applaud because their own idiosyncrasies are flattered, or to condemn because they are not flattered. The many approve only that which is common to human nature, which is general, adapted to the race. To say of a poet that he is unpopular, is about the same as to say that he is no poet at all. The philosopher may, indeed must, to a certain extent, be unpopular. He deals with problems of which only a few, comparatively speaking, have any distinct conception, and which can be solved only by long study and pa-

tient reflection, for which few have a taste, and to which not many will submit. It is therefore nothing against a philosopher that he is not popular. The people taken at large are not philosophers, and have little or no craving for philosophy. The people crave poetry and religion, and to say of either that it does not commend itself to the common soul, that the "common people do not receive it gladly," is to say that it is false.

Spontaneity, we have repeatedly said, is in all men, and the same in all men. When therefore spontaneity speaks, it finds that in all men which is prepared, in various degrees doubtless, to recognise it, and welcome its song. When I am the organ through which it speaks, I am responded to by all who hear my voice. Genius, which is only another name for spontaneity, is always popular. Who ever heard of an unpopular genius? When he whom God inspires speaks, all Humanity listens; the people are astonished; they feel that he teaches with authority, not as the scribes, for his word is with power. Just so is it with every true genius. The scribes and pharisees, the chief priests and elders, the interested few, may close their ears, cry out against him, persecute, imprison, impale, or crucify him; but this is never because he is unpopular, but because he is popular, because they dread his influence with the people, and fear that his authority may undermine their dominion. Martyrs to religion, truth, justice, liberty, country, fall not by the hands of the people, but by those of the people's masters. These sheepskin and goatskin clad prophets that wander the earth alone, live apart in the desert, the mountain, or the cave, of whom it is said the world is not worthy, want not sympathy with the people, or power to touch the popular heart, and carry the people along with them; but an interested few, fearing the changes they may produce, the revolutions their God-inspired words may generate, interpose between them and the people, or exile them from their brethren. Genius is essentially democratic; his voice is always

music to the democracy, and only they who love not the democracy, or have a private end to gain, ever dream of stifling his voice. This accounts for what has but too often been his fate. But wherever his word has free course to run and be glorified, wherever it can meet the ear of the people, it vivifies the mass, and becomes the people's law, it may be, for a thousand centuries.

Now Wordsworth has had no obstacle to his popularity, but of his own creating. The people's masters have not opposed him. He has had free access to the people, and yet is he not popular. Why is it that long ere this, he has not caught an echo to his song from the depths of the human heart? Why, but because he is wanting in some of the essentials of a true poet? To us the voice he utters is the voice of William Wordsworth, not the voice of God, and his word is not a living, nor a life-imparting word. It does not come to us with authority. It does not take possession of our souls, and carry us away captive. We must give him our attention; he does not take it. We have rarely met an author who required so much discipline on the part of his readers. He does not take us up where he finds us, and carry us into the state in which we can relish him; but we must, by suppressing all our ordinary emotions, and sinking ourselves into a state of as complete negativeness as is compatible with a strong effort of the will, bring ourselves into his mode, into harmony with his fancies. Now this we might consent to do in case of a scientific work, addressed avowedly and intentionally to the pure intellect, but not in case of poetry, which is addressed to the sensibility, as well as to the intellect, and is designed to kindle, exalt, and enrapture us. It is taxing our good nature altogether too much.

Wordsworth aims to be simple and natural. He aims well. Good taste always delights in simplicity and naturalness, and no work of art is deserving any attention in which they are wanting. But in aiming to be simple, Wordsworth not unfrequently becomes

silly. His story of the Idiot Boy is a proof of this, and almost justifies the well-known satire of Byron.

> "Next comes the dull disciple of thy school,
> That mild apostate from poetic rule,
> The simple Wordsworth, framer of a lay
> As soft as evening in his favorite May;
> Who warns his friend 'to shake off toil and trouble,
> And quit his books for fear of growing double;'
> Who, both by precept and example, shows
> That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose,
> Convincing all, by demonstration plain,
> Poetic souls delight in prose insane;
> And Christmas stories, tortured into rhyme,
> Contain the essence of the true sublime:
> Thus when he tells the Tale of Betty Foy,
> The idiot mother of 'an idiot boy;'
> A moon-struck, silly lad who lost his way,
> And, like his bard, confounded night with day;
> So close on each pathetic part he dwells,
> And each adventure so sublimely tells,
> That all, who view the 'idiot in his glory,'
> Conceive the bard the hero of his story."

We cannot quote the tale, but will select a specimen or two.

> "And Betty's most especial charge
> Was, 'Johnny! Johnny! mind that you
> Come home again, nor stop at all,—
> Come home again, whate'er befall,
> My Johnny, do, I pray you do.
> * * * * *
> "Burr, burr — now Johnny's lips they burr,
> As loud as any mill, or near it;
> Meek as a lamb the Pony moves,
> And Johnny makes the noise he loves,
> And Betty listens, glad to hear it.
> * * * * *
> "And Susan is growing worse and worse,
> And Betty is in a sad *quandary;*
> And then there is nobody to say
> If she must go, or she must stay!
> —She 's in a sad *quandary*."—Vol. I. pp. 160–164.

These specimens have been selected at random. No doubt the poem contains many more such, and

which the poet must have been in "a sad quandary" to have written. We select a few choice stanzas from a piece entitled "Anecdotes for Fathers." The poet addresses his little son.

"'Now tell me, had you rather be,'
I said, and took him by the arm,
'On Kilve's smooth shore, by the green sea,
Than here at Liswyn farm?'

In careless mood he looked at me,
While still I held him by the arm,
And said, 'At Kilve I'd rather be
Than here at Liswyn farm.'

'Now little Edward, say why so:
My little Edward, tell me why.'—
'I cannot tell, I do not know.—'
'Why this is strange,' said I.

* * * * *

O dearest, dearest boy! My heart
For better lore would seldom yearn,
Could I but teach the hundredth part
Of what from thee I learn." — Vol. I. pp. 16, 17.

But here is poetry with a vengeance, as well as a moral lesson every lazy urchin trudging unwillingly to school will joy to learn, and to practise.

"Up! up! my friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double:
Up! up! my friend, and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?

* * * * *

Books! 't is a dull and endless strife!
Come hear the woodland Linnet,
How sweet his music! On my life,
There 's more of wisdom in it."

Vol III. pp. 206, 207.

Certainly, more than in such prattle as this, and the music we own is much sweeter to our ears. For once we agree with the Bard.

All this, together with much more like it in the volumes before us, we shall be told is simple and natural. Simple it may be, but not in the sense in which the admirers of simplicity would have us understand it. It may be natural, but we fear in the sense in which individuals, who have the misfortune to be born without reason, are sometimes called *Naturals.* Wordsworth does not seem to us capable of being simple without approaching the silly. He loses his dignity the moment he attempts to place himself at ease, and enter into familiar chat. His naturalness is altogether too near akin to that attained in Dutch paintings, — a copy rather than a reproduction of nature. The nature represented by the true artist is never the nature of the senses, but a higher and truer nature, — the ideal, of which that of the senses is but a mere type or shadow. An actual landscape merely copied, were the production of an artizan, not of an artist. It is not the actual landscape that a Salvator Rosa or Claude Lorrain paints, but the ideal landscape, the higher, truer, and more beautiful landscape, which the artist finds in his soul, and to which the outward serves him but as an index. He who represents only what everybody sees and feels in nature is not an artist. His copies are nought, because nature herself is before us. Fidelity to nature in the poet is fidelity to that higher truth, which lies back of the outward, and which is visible to the soul only in its moments of inspiration. We say not that Wordsworth never attains to this higher truth, for sometimes we think he does, and to a degree to which few poets ever attain; but in general he does not. His nature is bald and naked. Notwithstanding his spiritual philosophy, he does not spiritualize nature. He leaves it cold and material, uninviting and uninspiring.

Wordsworth's poems, again, rarely strike us as genuine effusions of spontaneity. They seem, in a majority of cases, to be mere creations of reflection. They appear to have been first meditated and moulded

in prose, and then done by laborious effort into verse. They wear their poetic garb as something which may be put on or off at the pleasure of their author, not as an integral part of themselves. They may, therefore, be very good sense, very good philosophy, but they are not poetry. The most we can say of them is, that they are very successful imitations of poetry. The thoughts they contain could be expressed with equal naturalness, vividness, and force in prose. The poetic dress is by no means essential; and wherever it is not essential, we hold it to be objectionable.

The appropriate language of powerful inspiration, of spontaneity, is poetry; and when spontaneity is active in us, we cannot avoid the use of a poetical diction, even if we would. The natural language of reflection is prose. When we reflect, we suppress passion, we calm ourselves, and aim to leave the pure intellect undisturbed, and to remove everything which would tend to distract it. We are cool, clear, logical, precise, and require a language possessing the same characteristics. He, therefore, who attempts to express the spontaneous inspirations, which the spirit of God breathes into his soul, in the cold and precise language of prose, or the results of reflection in the burning words of poetry, offends correct taste, and sins against nature. Of this sin against nature Wordsworth appears to us to be frequently guilty. We take his great poem, called "The Excursion." This poem, we cheerfully own, contains many beautiful passages, which were worthy of the greatest poets; but, taken as a whole, it is a philosophy rather than a poem. Its leading design appears to be to solve the great problems which relate to the destiny of Man, Society, and Nature. These are great and sublime problems, and are well deserving all the attention the profoundest philosopher can give them. But the solution which Wordsworth proposes, — if solution it can be called, — has evidently not been obtained by inspiration. It has not flashed upon his soul like lightning from heaven. The spirit of God has not

descended and rested on him, as on the Apostles, in "cloven tongues of fire." It has been obtained by reflection, by study, in a word, by philosophizing. Its natural language then is prose, not verse; and, in point of fact, it must have existed in prose before it was turned into metre. The metre is to us, therefore, an incumbrance, a hindrance. The work is addressed to the reflective reason, is intended mainly to teach us certain doctrines, and all propriety calls aloud for the natural language of reflection.

We have heard this production praised beyond all measure; we can only say that we have found it a very dull performance, and have never been able, notwithstanding repeated trials, to read the whole of it. But aside from this real or supposed dulness, the work does not satisfy us. The author makes a reflection, or throws out a thought, and when we look to see him point out its bearings, and show its systematic relations, we find him prattling about golden sunsets, gilded tree tops, quiet lakes, sequestered paths, sloping hills, and mountain cliffs. His pedler, into whose mouth he puts his philosophy, such as it is, never wins our hearts or satisfies our understandings. He is, no doubt, a very wise pedler, and we sometimes think that he might furnish us something valuable if he would; but, alas! he is ever a pedler, true to his early habits. His delight is to wander from cottage to cottage, and consequently he provides himself only with such light wares, as are not so heavy as to exhaust his strength, and which answer by no means the purpose for which he recommends them. In short, the pedler has too much reflection to be a poet, and not enough to be a philosopher.

Moreover, the poem bears no evidence of having been written because the author felt himself constrained to write it. He did not undertake it because it was rending his bosom, and must be uttered. It was not a "burden" to his heart as were their sacred songs to the hearts of the divine bards of old. In retiring to the Lakes, Wordsworth thought it was his

duty to undertake to construct a literary work that should live. He accordingly took a survey of his own powers, in order to ascertain for what he was by nature and education best fitted. This survey convinced him that he was best qualified to sing the sublimest of all subjects, and therefore he resolved to sing it. Having thus resolved, he very deliberately cast about him to see what he knew of the matter, and could say about it. Here is no burning with unquenchable desire to utter a word which is given him to utter. Nothing forces him out of his quiescent state. He is ever as calm as the unruffled lake sleeping beneath the moonbeams on a gentle summer evening. Nor does he look to God for inspiration, for the light which is to guide him into all truth, but to his own powers. These are to solve the mighty problems with which he proposes to grapple. He takes it upon himself to lash Pegasus into a divine rage, and make him frisk about among the stars. Now no man, who sets out in this way, need ever hope to attain to immortality. No man sings well unless his song be given him, in acceptable numbers unless they come, as it were, of their own accord. The poet must feel a hand upon him not his own, a power above him forcing him to sing; his song must press heavily upon his heart, giving him no rest by day or by night till it be sung. No word shall sound out forever, but the word of God. All that is of man shall die. Providence sports with the creations of mortals, and delights to lay the monuments of their pride in the dust. We may build with greatest pains, lay the foundations deep, rear the summits high, and flatter ourselves that our structures shall stand; but the breath of the Lord passes them by, and we look in vain to find the places where they stood. "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity"; and there is not a greater vanity beneath the sun, than man's hope of being able to "construct a literary work, or any other work, that shall live." Let man discipline his soul, let him aim well, and aim high, for this is his duty; but let him

do the work that is given him to do, utter the word given him to utter, and utter it in the very tones in which it comes to his own heart, and concern himself no more about it. If it be of God it will sound out through eternity, and fetch its echos from the depths of the Infinite; if it be of man, however much he may have prized it, however great the pains he may have taken to utter it in the strains of the Immortals, it shall die in the breath that made it.

Wordsworth's great defect is not his want of intellect, nor his want of poetic sensibility, for he possesses both in a high degree; but the fact that he frames all his poems in accordance with a theory. We say not that his theory is false, for in the main it may be true; but no man can write poetry according to a theory. Genius spurns all fetters, all systems of philosophy, and makes and follows his own rules. From the practice of Genius, we are to learn the laws of Genius. We, critics and system-makers, have no right to attempt to frame a code of laws for his observance. Our glory is to take our law from him, and interpret it faithfully. But Wordsworth, as the theorizer, has attempted to legislate for Wordsworth, as the poet, and hence his failure. Whenever he loses sight of his theory, and abandons himself to the workings of spontaneity, he sings a true song. Would that this were not so seldom!

In the history of our race poetry precedes systems of philosophy. The primitive word is a poem, the last word is a system. So is it with the individual. Spontaneity precedes reflection. Spontaneity gives us all the truth we ever have, but it gives it us enveloped in mystic though enchanting folds. So long as we are satisfied with truth in this envelope, we are satisfied with poetry. But one day it comes into our head to ask the poet what he means. We wish to have the truth he has taught us developed, stript of its mystic folds, laid bare to our gaze, nay, dissected for our better understanding of it. We begin to philosophize, to reflect, to analyze, reason, com-

pare, draw inferences, in a word, form theories, construct systems. In our systems truth is developed, drawn out in distinct propositions, rendered clear, precise, intelligible. After we have done this, why seek to reënvelope truth, why seek to plunge it back into the primitive confusion, where, though all is seen, nothing is seen clearly? Are we wrong in saying this is what Wordsworth does seek to do? He has begun by framing a system, by constructing a philosophy — such as it is — and then he has sought to poetize it. This is an inversion of the order of nature, and it renders Wordsworth the most unnatural of poets. In this we see his great defect, and the cause of his failure.

We are inclined to believe that those, who admire Wordsworth, admire him more for his supposed philosophy than for his poetry. They, who have outgrown the material, the soulless philosophy of the last century, and turned their minds inward to seek a more spiritual and living philosophy, seem to themselves to find in Wordsworth a congenial soul. They find after the great events and intense activity which closed the last century, and the echo of which hath not yet died away, something attractive in his gentle spirit, in his quiet smile, and kindly feeling for all animate and inanimate nature. Wearied with the pomp of kings and artificial strut of kinglets, too often and for too long a time the theme of the poet's chant, they have joyed to meet a brother who has an eye for the unpretending objects of nature, and a heart to sympathize with the humble and unobtrusive emotions of ordinary and every-day life. Here we confess we sympathize with Wordsworth as fully as the warmest of his admirers. We find much in his philosophy to approve, much in his quiet and gentle spirit to love, much in his tenderness to all that live and breathe for which we bless him. But all this is said of him as a man, not as a poet. There is many a man we love, whom we would clasp to our "heart of hearts," on whose lips we hang with intense de-

light, whose words are to us as "apples of gold set in pictures of silver," who nevertheless is no poet.

With the present century commenced a reaction against the stirring and revolutionary spirit of the last. After violent action a season of rest, if not of exhaustion, must follow. This season of exhaustion, or of rest, Wordsworth represents. His song, so far forth as it is a song, is a sort of lullaby, a

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber."

The virtues he sings are mainly the passive virtues. The minds of many, doubtless, have been turned by the reaction of which we speak to regard these virtues with new favor. Disappointed in its hopes for social progress, saddened and disheartened by the failure of so many projects for advancing man's earthly weal, wearied with the "pomp and circumstance of war," the soul at the commencement of the present century turned away from active pursuits, came to the conclusion that the only cure for the ills of life is to bear them, and therefore, that the passive virtues are the most Godlike. To the soul in this state Wordsworth is doubtless an acceptable poet. But the passive virtues, after all, are not the highest, nor those best fitted for song. Man was made for action, and the universal sentiment of the race awards the highest rank to the active virtues. He who chants the quiet scenes of nature, the gentle affections of the heart, may have listeners, but only at a certain age and in a certain mood of mind; but he who chants the active virtues, though displayed in war, in acts from which the soul shrinks with horror, is sure of the race for his audience and his chorus. Man pants for action, and delights in the strife, the effort, the struggle. The sailor lives in the tempest, but dies in the calm; the old soldier, as he catches the sound of "the ear-piercing fife," and martial drum, draws himself up, takes a measured step, and longs to rush to the charge again. Sweeter to him than music of "Woodland Linnets" is the volley of

musketry, or the thunder of artillery; and dearer by far is the battle ground on which hero grapples with hero, than "flower-enameled meads." And this is right. Life is a warfare, and demands perpetual battle, — a warfare in which there is much undoubtedly to be borne, but in which there is still more to be done. Well is it, then, that we are so made that we can delight in action, and joy to behold it as does the war-horse the battle which he snuffs from afar.

The shrine at which Wordsworth worships is Innocence. Hence his love and reverence of childhood, which he regards as the type of Innocence. Innocence is unquestionably an inoffensive Deity, but it is a negative one. It consists in the absence of sin, not in the presence of virtue. Its value may be learned from the fact that idiots are sometimes termed *Innocents*. We are poor creatures if we are only innocent. The servant who received the one talent, for aught that appears, was innocent. He put his talent to no bad use, but preserved it safe and sound for his master. Nevertheless, he was condemned as a "wicked and slothful servant." We must have positive virtue in order to recommend us to the favor of God. The praises of Innocence, then, are inferior to the praises of Virtue, and the worship of Innocence is not necessarily the worship of the Most High.

Nor are we sure that childhood is a perfect type of Innocence. We confess we cannot join in this baby-worship, which Wordsworth is said to have instituted, and which is becoming somewhat fashionable among ourselves. "God is a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generations." It is a fact well attested by experience, that the corruptions of parents descend to their children; and who dare say that the corruptions of Adam's nature, by his transgression, have not passed upon all his posterity? We confess that we have some misgivings about this doctrine of the immaculate holiness of all children, which seems to be put forth by some with as much confidence as if

it were a doctrine of revelation. Children are unquestionably born with corrupted natures, and they rarely sooner begin to act than we see some of the fruits of corruption. We must have holy parents in order to have holy children. When parents no longer have a fallen or corrupted nature, then it may be contended that children are born pure and incorrupt.

We also dissent from the doctrine of the superior wisdom of childhood, which Wordsworth hints, and which has some advocates in our own city and country. We love childhood; it joys our heart to witness the child's cherub smile; when overwhelmed with a sense of our own sinfulness, of our shortcomings, or grieved with the shortcomings of others, we sometimes look back with regret to the comparative innocency of childhood, and sigh for that sweet period of life which is gone to return never; but we cannot admit, without some important qualifications, the doctrine we suppose to be implied in the following.

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the East
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended:
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

We are not yet prepared to admit the Platonic doctrine, that to learn is but to remember, and that all knowledge is a reminiscence. The child is born

with all the capacities of the man, but with them undeveloped. The oak may be said to be in the acorn, for its germ is there; but without light and warmth, earth and moisture, with all the acorns in the world, we cannot rear an oak. All does not come from within; something must come from without. The germ is in the child, but when that germ is unfolded into the man, it will be found to contain something it did not in the child. As the child's capacities are unfolded, its knowledge and wisdom increase; and we must continue to believe, that, other things, as say the phrenologists, being equal, hoary age is wiser than "muling and puking" infancy.

Some among us approve Wordsworth because he selects the subjects of his poems from humble life, and because he makes a pedler the mouth piece of his philosophy. In this it is said that he does homage to the democratic tendencies of the age. There may be something in this,—much there certainly would be, if he were really inspired by these subjects. Saving the case of the Idiot Boy, and which we ought to except, because idiots may be found in High Life as well as in Low Life, we do not recollect an instance where he writes under the influence of real inspiration, when the subject is a humble one, unless it be when recording the worth and giving vent to his sad grief for the loss of his good dog Touser, if Touser be the name. His selection of subjects from humble life always appeared to us a sort of condescension on his part, for which no democrat need thank him. However, we like the following, which proves that the author does sometimes utter a thought worth preserving.

"Our life is turned
Out of her course, wherever Man is made
An offering, or a sacrifice, or a tool,
Or implement, a passive thing employed
As a brute mean, without acknowledgment
Of common right or interest in the end;
Used or abused, as selfishness may prompt.
Say, what can follow for a rational Soul

> Perverted thus, but weakness in all good,
> And strength in evil? Hence an after-call
> For chastisement, and custody, and bonds,
> And oft-times death, avenger of the past,
> And sole guardian in whose hands we dare
> Entrust the future. — Not for these sad issues
> Was Man created; but to obey the law
> Of life, and hope, and action. And 't is known
> That when we stand upon our native soil
> Unelbowed by such objects as oppress
> Our active powers, those powers themselves become
> Strong to subvert our noxious qualities:
> They sweep distemper from the busy day,
> And make the Chalice of the big round Year
> Run o'er with gladness; whence the Being moves
> In beauty through the world; and all who see
> Bless him, rejoicing in his neighborhood."
>
> Vol. IV. p. 305.

But notwithstanding this, we have little faith in Wordsworth's democracy. He is a kind-hearted man, that would hurt no living thing, and who shudders to see a single human being suffer. So far, so good. But he has no faith in anything like social equality. He compassionates the poor, and would give the beggar an "awmous"; but measures which would prevent begging, which would place the means of a comfortable subsistence in the hands of all men, so that there should be no poor, he apparently contemplates not without horror. A man is not necessarily inclined to democracy because he sings wagoners, pedlers, and beggars, any more than he is necessarily inclined to aristocracy because he brushes his coat, and maintains his personal dignity and independence. Aristocracy may be found clad in rags, scarcely less often than in embroidery. True democracy compassionates the poor no more than it does the rich. It reverences all men, and seeks to put all men into possession of their native, inalienable rights. It rarely gives alms, except to relieve present suffering; it discovers no beauty in the beggar, and cannot pause to idealize him. It loathes the beggar, though it

loves the man, and seeks to convert him into an independent man, able to live without begging.

Wordsworth sings beggars, we admit, and shows very clearly that a man who begs is not to be despised; but does he ever fire our souls with a desire so to perfect our social system, that beggary shall not be one of its fruits? A Wordsworthian society without beggars, or such feeble old paupers as Simon Lee, would be shorn of all its poetic beauty. Herein lies the defect we discover in his democracy. He would lead us to love all men, but always in the condition in which we find them. This is to us the height of aristocracy. Aristocracy always delights in giving alms, in doing something *for* the poor and needy; but it never delights in taking measures to prevent there being any poor and needy, or to enable the poor and needy to work out their own salvation. Democracy, on the other hand, attempts to do little *for* the people. It believes the people do not need so many dry nurses as it has been thought; it believes the people, if their kind masters will let them alone, are fully competent to take care of themselves. It labors therefore to remove oppression, to take off the restraints which have been imposed upon their natural liberty, and to leave them free to employ their own limbs in procuring the means of their own well-being. Aristocracy gives alms to the poor, and nurses them as dependents; democracy proclaims their rights as men, and seeks to secure to them their possession. Aristocracy, with much kindness of look and voice, seeks to relieve the hunger of to-day; democracy seeks, often with a stern look and a harsh voice, to lay down principles and establish an order of things which shall relieve the hunger of all coming time. Good Henry the Fourth of France, in the benevolence of his heart, wished he could put a chicken into the pot of every man in his kingdom; democracy would so arrange matters that every man in its kingdom shall have it in his power to boil a chicken whenever he pleases. We have seen nothing

in Wordsworth to induce us to believe that his feeling towards the poor differs essentially from that of good king Henri Quatre.

The tendency of a man's soul is usually to be ascertained by the party with which he arranges himself. Wordsworth goes with the high Tory party of his country, and opposes, as much as a man of his inertness can, the the efforts of the friends of freedom. During the wars created by the French Revolution all his sympathies and all his powers were consecrated to the defence of the tyrants. His odes and his sonnets, blasphemously inscribed to Liberty, were in praise of those who fought for old abuses, never in praise of those who sided with the people. If he loves the people and desires their freedom, he has taken an odd way of showing it. We are aware that the French Revolution is a bugbear to many; but we dare be known among those who see in it a great, though terrible, effort of Humanity to gain possession of those rights which Christianity had taught her to regard as her inalienable patrimony, and to cherish as the apple of her eye, and we can own no man as a friend to his God, to his race, or to his country, who sided with those who took up arms against it, and sought to perpetuate old wrongs, time-hallowed oppressions. He must repent of his doings in sackcloth and ashes, with deep humility, with all the marks of sincere contrition, acknowledge his error, before we can believe the love of liberty lives in his heart. That Revolution had doubtless its excesses, but it needs no apology. Its apology stands in the fact that it has been. Its excesses will be forgotten much sooner than the excesses, the proscriptions, the murders, the soul-destroying tyrannies, of kings and aristocracies. The day will come when Humanity shall regard the chapter which records that Revolution as the brightest in her history. We should be the most shameless of all the world, citizens as we are of a country which owes its national existence to a Revolution, whose institutions are based on the very principles

of Liberty and Equality, which France sought, but sought in vain, yet not wholly in vain, to make the basis of her own, did we not sympathize with the French Revolution, and pity the blindness of a Wordsworth, who could not see that the cause of Humanity was in it.

But we can continue our remarks no further. We say in conclusion, that we regard Wordsworth as endowed by nature with a fine poetic temperament, and respectable talents, which he has assiduously cultivated. He has a reflective as well as a dreamy turn of mind, though his mind has but a limited horizon, and is full of narrow and local prejudices, as is unfortunately the case with most Englishmen. We regard him as the Cowley of the nineteenth century, though on this point we will not insist, for we are not very familiar with Cowley's works. As the poet of external nature, he is inferior to our own Bryant. We have read nothing of his that pleases us so much as Bryant's "Death of the Flowers," and we would by no means exchange "The Ages" for "The Excursion." Wordsworth is gentle and amiable, but he wants vigor, force of soul. We should like him altogether better were he made of sterner stuff, were he more robust and manly. But enough. There are moods of mind when we can read some of his pieces without any extraordinary effort. He does not address himself to the broad, universal soul of the race, but there will always be individuals and coteries to admire him.

Art. II. — *Cours de Philosophie* professé à la Faculté des Lettres pendant l'année 1818, par M. Victor Cousin, sur le fondement des idées absolues du Vrai, du Beau, et du Bien; publié avec son autorisation et d'après les meilleures rédactions de ce Cours, par M. Adolphe Garnier, maître de conférences à l'École Normale. Paris. 1836. 8vo. pp. 391.

We proceed now to answer the ontological question started near the conclusion of the paper on the Eclectic Philosophy in our last number; and, since ontology must have its root in psychology, since we must attain to the reality existing out of us, by a careful analysis of the facts which exist within us, we have thought it best to introduce what we have to say in answer to the question proposed, by returning for a few moments upon psychology, which we do by translating some appropriate extracts from the instructive volume before us, the title of which we have for a second time quoted.

"The last century was divided into two great schools, — both exclusive, and both incomplete. On one side was the school of Locke, Condillac, and their disciples; on the other that of Reid, Kant, and their adherents. The first considers thought or the human me simply as a sort of reflex of the material world, incapable in itself of creating anything; the second considers it as drawing all its ideas from itself, constituting the external world by its own intellectual energy. A profounder analysis of the intelligence must lead, we think, to the discovery that the me is neither the slave of the material world, nor its creator. Independently of sensation, which subjects the me to the physical world, independently of the will, which renders it master of itself, there exists a *third* element, which has not been sufficiently analyzed and described, and which we may call the World of Reason, regarded not as a faculty, but as the rule of our judgments, — *Reason*, which is neither you nor I nor any one else, but which commands us all, — sovereign and absolute truth, which communicates itself to all men, but is the property of no man; — in a word, the impersonal

Reason, which is neither the image of the sensible world, nor the work of my will.

"Locke, the illustrious chief of the school of sensation, gives no place, in the minute analysis he undertakes of all the intellectual facts, to necessary truths, truths which are not objects of sensation. He is indeed distinguished from his successors, by the fact that he recognises not merely ideas of sensation, ideas which come from without, *adventitious*, as Descartes calls them, and which are an effect of the external world, but he also recognises a ME, a percipient agent, which perceives these ideas, appreciates them, and judges them. He belongs therefore, in some sort, to both schools. But as in his view the ME produces no idea, as it is a simple spectator of the impressions produced by the material world, a strict classification must leave him at the head of the school of sensation. Locke's ME being wholly unproductive, and as it were a sort of echo of the sensible world, is as if it were not. For myself, I deny, 1. that this ME can attain to all the ideas which are in the understanding; 2. that it can form a single idea even; 3. that it is capable of obtaining merely the idea of sensation.

"1. Locke's ME cannot attain to all our ideas, for it operates only on sensible, multiple, variable, and relative objects. Now it is an unquestionable fact, that our understanding contains ideas of the infinite, of space, of time, objects which are immaterial, simple, immutable, and absolute; but how deduce the immaterial from the material, unity from multiplicity, the invariable from the variable, the absolute from the relative?

"2. Locke's ME is incapable of thinking. Thought is always indivisible. Let any one descend into his own consciousness, he will be convinced that, in spite of the diversity of objects on which he thinks, the thinking being is ever one, indecomposable; that it is to the same ME that belong the beginning, middle, and end of thought; that it is the centre in which all the rays meet. If you will give to thought a material form, that is, express it in a proposition, you will see that all the parts of the proposition are inseparable, and that you can take from it neither the subject nor the attribute without destroying its sense. Now if the ME be merely the counter-part of the sensible world, how can it give to that world the unity which it wants, and which is found in thought? I have the idea of an extent: what is there in this phenomenon? There is, first, the *I*, simple, undivided, and, second, in addition to this, extent, which is composed of a multitude of points. Now, how shall this multitude of points be embraced in its whole, in its totality, by a ME that is not simple?

"3. Locke's ME cannot attain even to the idea of sensation. In fact if it be only a sort of reaction of the sensible impression upon itself, never can this impression, extended, and multiple as it is, rise to the pure and indecomposable unity which is the characteristic of every idea.

"Thus the ME is not merely a reduplication of sensation, which receives the law from abroad without imposing it in return. It is active; it produces; it imposes unity on matter, or rather, on the material impression; it thinks, which is something altogether different from being shaken or moved. It rises to cognitions, which on all sides go beyond the limits of sensible objects.

"Condillac, who introduced Locke into France, went still further than his master. Locke attempted to set up a ME in face of matter, although he exiled it into a corner of the edifice as a useless guest; Condillac, forced by the rigor of deduction, banished it altogether. For the French philosopher the ME is not even contemporary with sensation; it is posterior; that is, it exists still less in his system than in Locke's. According to him, men are the dupes of an illusion when they speak of a ME distinct from sensation. What they call the unity of the ME is the aggregate of several sensations; what they call its identity is the sequence of two sensations; and attention is only a sensation prolonged. [What prolongs it?] Before the first sensation there is no ME; it begins to exist only with the second sensation, or with the simultaneous occurrence of several sensations. It is an inert and dead element; or rather, it is not an element, but a sum, a total, a collection, which can have no existence aside from the units which compose it. What then do all ideas which go beyond the reach of sensation become? Mere words, according to Condillac. Without language, he says, men would never acquire general ideas, abstract ideas, nor, in fine, distinct and clear ideas. It is not the mind that generalizes, abstracts; it is language that is charged with this labor. So the highest mechanism of the intelligence is only a grammar without a grammarian!

"The successors of Condillac [in France] have separated into two schools. Some, admiring the elegance and unity of the monument erected by their master, labor merely to polish it, and decorate it with the prestige of fine language. Others have attempted to restore to the ME the initiative of which Condillac had despoiled it. This had been to restore to the ME its existence, for the ME consists only in liberty. But in separating attention from sensation, they have not marked sufficiently the character of liberty, which constitutes atten-

tion. They have, moreover, confounded desire with the will. Desire springs up by necessity. I am not free to desire or not to desire. They have not, therefore, reïnstalled the ME; they have not marked it with the sign which chiefly distinguishes it from the external world, that is, of liberty.

"The school of sensation has thus overlooked or misconceived two important elements which, in our view, are discovered in the analysis of thought; 1. the ME itself, without which there can be no thought; and, 2. necessary truth, which not more than the ME can be a product of sensation, or a sensation transformed." — *Leçon II.* pp. 16 – 20.

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"We have given in our last Lecture the history of a school to which the analysis of thought discloses only a single element, that of sensation, and which imposes upon itself the obligation of supporting, on this narrow basis, the whole structure of human cognitions. We have sought to demonstrate that the analysis of this school is incomplete. Sensation being only the reflex of the external world, and that world being multiple, sensation will also be multiple, from which it will be impossible to make a single thought come forth in all its integrity. Indeed, first, among our thoughts are some which are marked with another character than that of multiplicity; for example, the ideas of time and space are not formed from the collection of places and moments which we have felt: time and space are unities, or if it be preferred, simple totalities, which will suffer no dismemberment, and which are in reality undivided and indivisible. We may call these ideas absolute ideas, for they relate to no particular space, to no particular time, but to an absolute space, and to an absolute time; that is to say, independent, immutable, partaking in no sense of the relative or the transient. Sensation, on the contrary, is relative, variable, and multiple, and it is impossible to obtain the absolute, the immutable, unity, from these. Secondly, the humblest of all thoughts, thought taken at its lowest level, conceals unity. If we examine what we are conscious of in ourselves, we shall perceive that every fact of consciousness is *one*, that every thought is indivisible. If from psychology we pass to grammar, if we contemplate thought in the proposition which represents it, we are struck again by the unity and indivisibility of the proposition. Now, how shall sensation, which is multiple, generate this indecomposable unity, which is at the bottom of every thought? According to this school, the interior world is all absorbed in the outward; the ME is only a

sensation rendered more vivid; or sensations bound together by an abstract and unreal bond; there is no centre, no seat even for sensation itself; all thought is henceforth impossible.

"We pass now to the opposite school, the school which attempts to reëstablish the ME in all its reality, but which, pushing the reaction even to excess, absorbs in its turn the NOT-ME in the ME. This school finds unquestionable proofs of the existence of the ME, not merely in the faculty of knowing, but also in that of self-determining, that is, in the understanding and in liberty. The intelligence ceases to be a merely verbal bond between intellectual facts, the will to be a mere collection of desires; both become integral and constituent elements of the human ME, or rather the ME itself considered in two different applications. We demonstrate neither the existence of the intellectual force nor that of the will; both are revealed to us by the immediate intuitions of consciousness. The reality of liberty has been oftener attacked than that of the intelligence; and yet the first is as much an object of the immediate view of the soul as is the second. I produce a movement; I know that it is the ME that produces it; I give myself a sensation, I know that it is the ME which does it. I have the double perception of the effect and of the productive force; I know that I produce this effect, because I will it, and can refrain from willing to produce it, if I please. In vain you demand proofs of liberty from argumentation. This would give you a belief, not a knowledge of your liberty. When we say that liberty is the power of producing an effect, we do not mean that the effect must be a material one. The outward world may resist man, he is nevertheless free, only the effect in this case is purely spiritual, — a volition, and man is reduced to internal freedom.

"The ME thus reëstablished by the unity of the intellectual power and by liberty, can the new school obtain from it all that which the first school found it impossible to obtain from sensation? Can it make it produce the absolute, that is, those principles or axioms which preside over metaphysics, mathematics, morality, &c., such as the following; Every phenomenon which begins to exist implies a cause; The whole is equal to the sum of the parts; Reason should govern the passions, — principles which are regarded not as mere opinions, but as the expressions of the Eternal Reason, of immutable Truth? Montesquieu has asserted that laws in their broadest signification are the necessary relations derived from the nature of things. This illustrious philosopher has not said

that laws are derived from the human ME; because in fact man does not institute necessary laws; he perceives them, acknowledges them, but does not create them. They have, then, an existence real and independent of him; in a word, they are absolute.

"Let us inquire, therefore, if the ME can generate the absolute. It can do so only in two ways. Either it will suppose it by virtue of its liberty, as a creative force; or it will suppose it in spite of itself, through the necessity of the forms in which it shall itself be imprisoned. In this last case the ME will be divided, for example, into sensibility and understanding. It will experience a sensation, and by virtue of certain *laws of the* ME, *or forms of the sensibility*, it will place this sensation in time and space. It will be the same with the reason; it will be able to act only under certain conditions, certain laws, which will be called, if you please, categories, and which will force it to consider all things under the point of view of cause and effect, of substance and mode, of unity and multiplicity. It is by these forms that we admit existences; by the category of substance, that we conceive of the soul and of matter, and by the category of cause, that we rise to God. But these forms being constituent laws of human nature, mere forms of the ME, they are *mine*, personal, subjective. We can, therefore, by their aid, conclude nothing of the absolute; truth becomes relative; I am under the yoke of an inward and personal necessity; I become a slave to myself; and unable to rise from the reason. You already see that we can legitimately deduce the absolute from the ME no more than we can from the physical world or from sensation. But after having in vain essayed to ground the absolute on forms imposed upon the human understanding, some members of this school have gone still further, and loosed the ME from the cords with which they had at first bound it, allowed it to suppose freely and at its own pleasure, the existence of the external world. Thus they have withdrawn the ME from the necessity which enchained it, and instead of representing it as forced to acknowledge existences, they have even dared pretend that it derives all truths from its own resources, and have also affirmed it to be the power that creates the world. The ME gives birth to absolute principles, and these absolute principles give birth to the external world. For example, the ME supposes the principle of causality; the principle of causality supposes God; therefore it is the ME that supposes God. Let us follow, and shrink from no consequences. If the ME, in supposing absolute principles, supposes external existences, external existences

are only the ME itself, and all existences are nothing but the different positions of the ME; so that we arrive at this formula, The ME equals ALL, ALL equals the ME. It only remains for us now to give the names to which the two systems we have just exposed are attached. The first belongs to Reid and Kant. Reid, embarrassed by the reasonings of Berkeley and David Hume against the existence of the exterior world, establishes a certain number of laws of the understanding which he furnishes to the human ME as an escort, and which he calls beliefs, or principles of common sense. The illustrious Kant undertook a work of the same kind, but with more rigor and method than the Scotch thinker; he attempted to render an exact account of what he calls the subjective forms of the intelligence.

"The second system is that of Fichté, a disciple of Kant; still more rigorous than his master, whose system he simplified, as Condillac had simplified the doctrine of Locke. He retrenched the forms imposed by the philosopher of Kœnigsberg on the human ME, declared it free from all trammels and the benevolent creator of the NOT-ME; and as there remained in the system of Condillac only sensation without consciousness, so there remained in the doctrine of Fichté only consciousness without sensation: and on one side, as on the other, absolute and independent truth was sacrificed. It is for the restoration of this essential element of human thought that the philosophy of our times must labor. — *Leçon III.* pp. 21–28.

"The two schools which divide the eighteenth century recognise in thought only a single element, — the one sensation, the other the human ME. They impose upon themselves, therefore, the necessity of deriving all human cognitions from this single origin, and of making certainty repose on this single foundation. An incomplete analysis has conducted these two schools to an erroneous system. To construct the mind with sensation or with liberty, is to destroy the intellectual life, which is nothing but the opposition of activity and sensation. We may apply to intellectual life the definition given to organic life, — a longer or shorter struggle of the internal force against external forces. In order that this struggle should cease, it would be necessary either that the ME should triumph over nature, which were to destroy the physical world, or that it should abandon the struggle, which were to destroy its activity. Man is at first only a physiological being; his movements are those of material

nature; but one day he reacts: it is then that he has cognizance of external nature. He is agitated for a long time in the bosom of the universe without knowing it; the world is no more for him than it is for a plant; but when he sets himself at work to move himself by his own movement, he supposes himself and opposes nature. Thus the ME exists only by combat; it is the opposition of the ME and of nature that forms the beginning of life.

"But these two elements are not yet sufficient. Beyond the ME and physical nature there lies a third world, which we have called the *absolute*, that of immaterial and necessary truth, which contains the general principles of all the sciences. We have seen that this world had perished in one school and the other of the eighteenth century; in order to establish its existence, it is sufficient to bring forth to the light a single absolute truth. Be it, for example, the following axiom, Every quality supposes a subject; we ask if any one doubts this truth, and what would all human sciences become if it should be questioned? In morality can this principle be contested, namely, Reason ought to govern the passions? We cannot enumerate here the principles of all the sciences; it would be to perform the work of a whole course in a single lecture; we content ourselves for the present with establishing the existence of a third element, which has been misconceived by both the schools of the eighteenth century. I lay down this axiom, Reason ought to govern the passions. If no one contests it, I say here is an element which can be generated neither by the ME nor by sensation. To what origin, then, shall we refer it?

"The ME is active. It manifests itself, or rather, it exists only by activity. But this ME, free and creative, does not create the absolute, it opposes it. It is a fact; — I do not explain, I merely describe. Can it be believed that these axioms sustain the same relations with the ME as do the movements of which it is the cause? If it be I who make these axioms, they are mine, and I can unmake them, suspend them, change, annihilate them. However, it is manifest that I am unable to strike them a single blow. Nevertheless I recognise that the absolute is not derived from physical nature, nor from sensation. It is neither pleasure nor pain; it is not an impression which I undergo, as I do joy or grief. I arrive then at this result, namely, what is called truth is in me, but is not ME. The error of Kant was in representing the sovereign reason and human reason as equal one to the other. Truth is independent of man; as sensibility places man in relation

with the physical world, so another faculty places him in communication with truths which depend neither on the physical world, nor on the ME, and this faculty we may call the reason.

"There are then, in man, three general faculties: the first is activity, which is the foundation of thought, the resting place, without which man would vanish from himself, and reënter into nature and necessity. But although the ME is active, it is affected by the laws of the external world; it suffers and enjoys, without having itself provoked its joys or its sufferings. This is a necessity which wounds its pride, but from which it cannot withdraw itself. Sensibility is therefore also one of the faculties of the ME. In fine, beyond activity and sensibility, it possesses also reason, by which it attains to a world which it confounds neither with itself nor with the sensible world, and which makes its appearance in man, but which is not man. That which constitutes the human ME is activity. Let any one examine himself at the moment a lively sensation is produced in him, and he will find that there is a perception only on condition of a reaction of the ME, and that perception ends the moment in which activity ends. We then, to avail myself of a just but common expression, know not what we do. Activity is the ground of the ME; and on this ground are designed sensation and reason, the one conducting to physical nature, the other revealing immaterial truth." — *Leçon IV.* pp. 29 – 32.

There are some who object to this psychological analysis; and we ourselves objected to it, until we had attempted to write a refutation of it. Cousin makes the reason objective, and therefore by the very fact of its appearing in us, suppose the objective. But in order to make the reason objective, some have thought that he has been forced to give an inaccurate definition of personality. He makes the ME, or personality, consist in liberty or activity. Now, if we were not intelligent should we be persons? Does not the common sense of mankind make reason or intelligence an essential element of personality? If not, why do we regard those who are deprived of reason as irresponsible?

But this is not the main difficulty. M. Cousin, in making the reason objective, seems to deprive us of the power of knowing. The reason, he says, is ob-

jective, — that is, exterior to our personality. We, *as persons,* then, are not intelligent. Now how can a non-intelligent personality come into relation with objective intelligence? If there be no intelligence in the ME, how is it to avail itself of the intelligence which lies outside of it? The sun may shine never so brightly, but if there be no light in us, we cannot behold it. Grant the reason is objective, that it contains all truth, and that it can reveal itself spontaneously, yet it can reveal itself only to intelligence. If it be objective, and, as Cousin says, the only source of intelligence, then there is no intelligence in us to receive its revelations, and it must be to us as if it were not.

It is possible that M. Cousin has not been quite so explicit on this point as was desirable; but while he has treated the reason as objective, he has been careful to designate it as one of the three fundamental faculties of the human ME, and there can be no question that he regards the reason as an integral element of human nature, as much so as the activity itself. It is true that he makes activity the characteristic of the ME, or personality, not because the reason is not necessary to constitute us persons, but because in the activity there is nothing which necessarily goes out of the sphere of personality; while there is that in it which is, if we may so speak, the central essence of personality. The reason, while it is an integral element of human nature, and therefore presenting a subjective side, always extends beyond the sphere of personality, and presents an objective side. The reason is in us, one of our faculties, an element of our being, and we may, to a certain extent, use or not use it; but in its developments it is always governed by laws not of our enacting, obeys a power which we are not, and therefore necessarily involves objective existence.

Perhaps it would not be amiss to divide the Reason into objective reason, and subjective reason. By the objective reason we may understand the eternal Reason,

the immaterial world, the world of necessary Truth which overshadows us, underlies us, and constitutes the ground of our intelligence, — identical with the Logos of the Apostle and the Greek Fathers, the "inner Light" of the Quakers, the Word of God which was in the beginning with God, by which all things were made that were made, which inspired the ancient prophets, was made flesh, incarnated in Jesus, and is adored by the Church as the second person in the Holy Trinity. This view, perhaps, if carried out, would go far to legitimate the belief of the Church in the Divine Sonship of Jesus, and to convince those who arraign the doctrine of the Trinity, that they are as unphilosophical as they are anti-orthodox. In this sense Reason is not mine, nor any man's. It is impersonal and absolute: and this is what the Quakers have felt, when they have relied on it as an authoritative teacher, and yet denied that they set up their own reason as the criterion of truth.

By the subjective reason we may understand, — not as many do, mere reasoning, drawing inferences, which is a particular mode of exercising the reason, — but our general faculty of knowing, that by virtue of which we are intelligent beings, capable of intelligence. This is the sense in which the word is understood when we use it to designate one of our faculties. But we apprehend that a careful analysis of the facts of consciousness would go far to identify this subjective reason with the objective reason; so far at least as to prove that our reason must be in immediate relation with the impersonal Reason, that it is, in fact, as it has been called, "a fragment of the Universal Reason." If so, the reason is at once objective and subjective, and the distinction we have marked is of less importance than it might at first view appear. But be this as it may, even the reason taken exclusively as a faculty of the human soul, and made as subjective as this fact can make it, involves objectivity, implies something which lies out of the sphere of personality. If we can be certain of anything, it is

of the fact that our intelligence, in its development, is subject to a power aside from us, which we are not, and from which we cannot withdraw it. Though it be one of our faculties, the eye of our soul, we cannot determine what it shall see, nor what it shall not see. We see what we can, not what we will, believe what our reason reports as true, not what we will to believe. We see a phenomenon begin to exist, and we cannot but believe that it has a cause; we see a man carried away into deplorable excesses by the lawlessness of his passions, and we cannot but believe that he ought to submit his passions to the wholesome restraints of reason. There is then, in the fact of intelligence, the presence of something which we are not, which enchains our intelligence, which necessitates us, which is above us, and overwhelms us with its weight. This something which controls our reason, gives the law to our intelligence, must needs be out of us. That which can enchain, necessitate us, cannot but be exterior to our personality. The fact then, that we find our intelligence subjected to, and obeying, a foreign power, is conclusive proof of objective existence. The fact of intelligence then supposes the objective. We must then either deny the intelligence altogether, or admit the existence of something out of the sphere of our personality.

But to deny the intelligence altogether is no easy matter. It needs some intelligence to deny all intelligence. He who says he knows nothing, yet assumes to know that he says that he knows nothing; he who really believes that he knows nothing, yet assumes to know that he so believes. He who doubts all things, doubts not that he doubts, or that he knows what it is to doubt. No man doubts, or can doubt, that he exists, for in doubting his existence he must affirm it. He who doubts affirms, of necessity, the existence of the doubter. No man doubts the intuitions of consciousness. Every man within a given sphere admits, and cannot but admit, the reality of intelligence. Every man, then, is *forced* to admit the existence of

something out of himself. The fact, that he is *forced* to do it, is the best possible proof that he ought to do it; for that which forces must needs be other than that which is forced.

The reason, or our faculty of intelligence, being proved by its own revelations to be governed by a law not derived from our personality, carries us necessarily out of the sphere of the subjective into that of the objective. By detecting in the fact of intelligence the presence of an element which escapes our control, and which determines our judgments, we obtain the objective by a process at once simple and legitimate. The discovery of a legitimate method of passing from the subjective to the objective has, from the birth of philosophy, been the great problem with every metaphysician. The imperishable glory of having made the discovery belongs, so far as our knowledge extends, to M. Victor Cousin. In making it, he has done more for metaphysics than Harvey did for physiology by the discovery of the circulation of the blood, or Newton for natural science by the discovery of the law of gravitation. We may assume for metaphysics henceforth the character of a positive science, and forever silence those who would regard it as conjectural in its basis, and useless or bewildering in its results. If there be any who would speak sneeringly of Cousin, call him fanciful or superficial, represent him as a mere "hasher up of German metaphysics," or as misled by an "optical illusion," we would point them to this method of passing from the sphere of personality into an objective world, and ask who has ever made a discovery of equal importance in metaphysical science; and if he, who has made it, does not deserve well of Humanity, and to be held in lasting remembrance?

Yet in speaking thus of Cousin we do not forget that he has had predecessors, and that these predecessors have also a claim upon our gratitude. Reid detected an element of necessity in the fact of intelligence. He perceived that we are led to a belief in

the objective, not by argument, by reasoning, but by common sense, by certain first principles of belief, constituent principles of human nature, as he calls them, which irresistibly compel us to believe in the existence of the material world and in that of the spiritual world. But not perceiving that personality consists eminently in liberty, and that whatever binds it or lays it under a necessity, must needs be outside of it, he represented these first principles, the necessity which controls our beliefs, as subjective, as inherent in the ME, and therefore personal. Being personal they could not conduct legitimately to the impersonal and objective. Reid was therefore condemned to turn forever in the sphere of his own consciousness, and never could succeed in refuting Hume and Berkeley, or in reëstablishing the worlds they overthrew.

Kant, again, detected an element of necessity in the fact of intelligence, which he described under the denominations of forms of the sensibility and laws of the understanding, or categories, compelling us, on the one hand, to place every sensation in time and space, and on the other hand, to view every cognition under the relation of cause and effect, or substance and accident. But he regarded these forms and categories as subjective and personal. By their aid he could only proceed so far as to be able to say that we are, by the laws of our nature, necessitated to believe in the objective, but never so far as to attain to the objective legitimately. His error was precisely that of Reid. He failed to perceive that the characteristic of the ME, of personality, is liberty, and therefore, if necessitated, it must needs be by a force exterior to itself.

Fichté detected this error of Reid and Kant, discovered that a personality which is not free is no personality at all, and that it can be bound, necessitated, by nothing inherent in itself. But he was so intent on establishing the freedom of the ME, that he overlooked the fact that the decisions of the understanding are governed by laws not derived nor de-

rivable from our personality. He therefore found himself unable to come out of the ME, and sunk into complete egoïsm. The ME became to him the universe, the objective became merely the ME projected, taking itself as the object of its own perceptions. Maine de Biran also recognised the fact that personality resides in liberty, and to the demonstration of this fact devoted his philosophical life. But being solely intent on maintaining this position, he, like Fichté, overlooked the element of necessity present in every fact of intelligence, and fell virtually, like him, into complete egoïsm.

These four great men prepared the way for Cousin, and facilitated his important discovery: Reid and Kant by showing that belief is determined by necessary laws, — Fichté and Maine de Biran by demonstrating that the characteristic of personality, of the ME, is liberty, and therefore that nothing which shall necessitate it can be inherent in it. This was much, and enough to entitle them to the profound respect and gratitude of every philosophical inquirer. Yet it was little more than amassing gold and silver and other materials for building the temple. A Solomon was needed to build it. Cousin followed them, classified their facts, admitted with Reid and Kant the element of necessity in the intelligence, — and with Fichté and Maine de Biran that the characteristic of personality is liberty, and then drew the natural conclusion. But he saw what none of them did, that if personality consist in liberty, and there yet be in the fact of intelligence an element of necessity which governs it, that element must needs be impersonal, and objective. Psychological analysis assured him that there is this element in every fact of intelligence, as we have seen; then the intelligence contains an objective element; then the objective exists; then we can pass legitimately from the subjective to the objective; for the objective is shown by the intelligence in every cognition, and to repose on the same authority with that of any fact of intelligence

whatever. This all seems so natural, so easy, and to follow so much as a matter of course, that we are tempted to question the merits of the discoverer. But so it is with all the discoveries of genius. They always seem to be lucky hits. But it may be said in revenge, that it is only genius that is ever favored with such "good luck."

We are now out of the subjective, out of the sphere of personality, the ME, and in the NOT-ME. We have obtained the objective. But can we go no further? If the reason be good authority for one thing out of the ME, why is it not good authority for all that it reveals? We have granted that we know something; but is it not the reason that knows, that perceives, within the sphere within which we admit the fact of intelligence? If we regard the knowledge the reason gives within a certain extent as incontestable, why shall we not regard all knowledge which the same reason gives as equally incontestable? The same reason which assures me that I exist, also assures me that no phenomenon can begin to exist without a cause, that the whole is greater than a part, that reason ought to govern the passions; and why shall I credit it in the one case and not in the others? "Why shall we admit the independence of the reason in one case and not in another? Reason is one in all its degrees. We have no right arbitrarily to contract or extend its authority, to say to it, thus far shalt thou go, but no further."

But we cannot pursue our argument better than in the words of Cousin himself. We therefore conclude this paper with the following extract from Cousin's preface to the second edition of his "*Fragmens Philosophiques*," which we insert from Mr. Ripley's excellent translation, in his Philosophical Miscellanies.

"As soon as reason is reestablished in its true nature and its rightful independence, we easily recognise the legitimacy of its applications, even when, after having been confined within the sphere of consciousness, they regularly extend beyond that sphere. Reason accordingly arrives at beings as well as

phenomena ; it reveals to us the world and God with as much authority as our own existence or the least of its modifications ; and ontology is no less legitimate than psychology, since it is psychology, which, by enlightening us as to the nature of reason, conducts us itself to ontology.

" Ontology is the science of Being. It is the knowledge of our own personal existence, that of the external world, and that of God. It is reason which gives us this threefold knowledge on the same authority with that of the smallest knowledge which we possess ; reason, the sole faculty of all knowing, the only principle of certainty, the exclusive standard of the true and the false, of good and evil, which alone can perceive its own mistakes, correct itself when it is deceived, restore itself when it is in error, call itself to account, and pronounce upon itself the sentence of acquittal or of condemnation. And we must not imagine that reason waits for slow developments before it presents to man this threefold knowledge of himself, of the world, and of God ; on the contrary, this threefold knowledge is given to us entirely in each of its parts, and even in every fact of consciousness, in the first as well as in the last. It is still psychology which here explains ontology, but a psychology to which only profound reflection can attain.

" Can there be a single fact of consciousness without a certain degree of attention ? Let attention be weakened or entirely destroyed, and our thoughts become confused, they are gradually dissipated in obscure reveries, which soon vanish of themselves, and are for us as if they were not. Even the perceptions of the senses are blunted by want of attention, and degenerate into merely organic impressions. The organ is struck, often perhaps with force ; but the mind being elsewhere does not perceive the impression ; there is no sensation ; there is no consciousness. Attention therefore is the condition of all consciousness.

" Now is not every act of attention more or less voluntary ? And is not every voluntary act characterized by the circumstance that we consider ourselves as the cause of it ? And is it not this cause whose effects vary while it remains the same itself, — is it not this power which is revealed to us only by its acts, but which is distinguished from its acts and which its acts do not exhaust, — is it not, I ask, this cause, this force, which we call I, me, our individuality, our personality, — that personality of which we never doubt, which we never confound with any other, because we never refer to any other those voluntary

acts which give us the inward feeling, the immovable conviction of its reality?

"The me is then revealed to us in the character of cause, of force. But can this force, this cause which we are, do every thing which it wishes? Does it meet with no obstacles? It meets with them of all kinds, at every moment. A sense of our feebleness is constantly united with that of our power. A thousand impressions are at all times made upon us; take away attention and they do not come to our consciousness; let attention be applied to them, the phenomenon of sensation begins. Here then, at the same time that I refer the act of attention to myself, as its cause, I cannot, for the same reason, refer to myself the sensation to which attention has been applied; I cannot do this, but I cannot avoid referring it to some cause, to a cause necessarily other than myself, that is to say, to an external cause, and to an external cause whose existence is no less certain to me than my own existence, since the phenomenon which suggests it to me is no less certain than the phenomenon which suggested my own, and both the phenomena are presented to me with each other.

"We have here then two kinds of distinct causes. The one personal, placed in the very centre of consciousness, the other external and beyond the sphere of consciousness. The cause which we are is evidently limited, imperfect, finite, since it constantly meets with bounds and obstacles among the variety of causes to which we necessarily refer the phenomena that we do not produce, — the phenomena purely affective, and not voluntary. On the other hand, these causes themselves are limited and finite, since we resist them to a certain degree as they resist us, we limit their action as they limit ours, and they also mutually limit each other. It is reason which reveals to us these two kinds of causes. It is reason, which, developing itself in our consciousness and perceiving there at the same time attention and sensation, as soon as these two simultaneous phenomena are perceived, suggests to us immediately two kinds of distinct causes, but correlative and mutually limited, to which they must be referred. But does reason stop with this? By no means. It is a fact, moreover, that as soon as the notion of finite and limited causes is given, we cannot but conceive of a superior cause, infinite and absolute, which is itself the first and last cause of all others. The internal and personal cause and external causes are incontestably causes in relation to their own effects; but the same reason which reveals them to us as causes, reveals them as limited and relative causes, and thus prevents us from stopping with them as

causes sufficient to themselves, and compels us to refer them to a supreme cause, which has made them and which sustains them; which is in relation to them what they are in relation to the phenomena that are peculiar to them; and which as it is the Cause of all causes, and the Being of all beings, is sufficient in itself, and sufficient to reason, which seeks and which finds nothing beyond."— Vol. I. pp. 68–72.

We shall resume this subject in our next number, and hope to receive before then a third edition of the "*Fragmens Philosophiques*," which M. Cousin has sent us, and in which he has briefly replied to the objections which have been brought against his philosophy in Germany and in Scotland.

Art. III. — *Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature.* Edited by George Ripley. Vol. III. — Containing Select Minor Poems, from the German of Goethe and Schiller. Boston: Hilliard, Gray & Company, 1839. 12mo. pp. 439.

When we first meditated this article, we designed to discuss the literary merits of Goethe and Schiller, and to form an estimate of their relative greatness. With this design, we began to study anew the principal works of these illustrious writers. But as we went on with the productions of Goethe, we felt every day an increasing sense of our inability to measure his height, and construct a *Mécanique Céleste*, from the various and conflicting phenomena observed in his writings. What seemed single stars at first, appeared double and treble on a second examination, — and were, at last, found to be constellations. The reader of Goethe is often surprised to see that a song or story, which at first appeared only a clever monument of the author's rythming skill, is really covered all over with hieroglyphics, which are full of deep signifi-

cance. The first attempt, therefore, was speedily abandoned.

It is difficult to form an estimate of the character of Goethe. He is so "many-sided," that "you never know where to find him." At one time, you find him recommending action and practical life. He counsels men to take a part in the doing and driving of the world. But when French cannon thunder at the gates of Weimar, the first poet of Germany, that "many-sided man," fearful lest his mind should be disturbed, sits down to study Chinese. Now he seems cool, indifferent to the great interests of Humanity, and again he is filled with the love of man. He seems to have followed an Epicurean plan of life. The words of an old writer would have served him for a motto: "Come on, therefore, let us enjoy the good things that are present, and let us speedily use the creatures like as in youth. Let us fill ourselves with costly wine and ointments, and let no flower of the spring pass by us. Let us cover ourselves with rosebuds before they be withered. Let none of us go without his part of our voluptuousness. Let us leave tokens of our joyfulness in every place," for "our life is short and tedious, and in the death of man there is no remedy."

But whatever was his character as a man, his power as a writer is unrivalled among the moderns, and his claims to immortal renown uncontested. He goes silently up to take his place among the fixed stars of creation. His works pass "into the ages," to shine with perennial brilliancy. His faults as a man detract nothing from the artistic value of his works. An amateur would be censured for his folly, if he should refuse to admire a painting of Adrien Braur, because that artist was the most licentious of profligates.

All true lovers of poetry will gratefully welcome the little volume Mr. Dwight and his friends have prepared from these great masters of German Art. The pieces selected from Goethe are perhaps the best specimens of his style; many of them are masterpieces — models in this department of art; perhaps they are the most

favorable that could be selected, though we are far from believing, with Mr. Dwight, that they are all which would be valuable to the English reader. Some of these little pieces will not, at first sight, commend themselves to the general reader of English poetry. That merit must be very shallow which can be seen through at a single glance. The German Lyrics, and especially Goethe's, differ essentially from the productions of the great masters of the divine art among us. English poetry overflows with thought. Its thoughtfulness is its most striking trait. It is profound. Metaphysical treatises pass for good, genuine English poetry when translated into verse. Homilies have been "done into metre," and pass current as lyrics, odes, and songs. Compare the sonnets of Shakspeare, Milton, and Wordsworth — in many respects their most remarkable productions — with the best sonnets of any other nation, and the difference in thoughtfulness will immediately appear. The former are thoughts chiselled in cold marble, or rather they are huge crystals, that have silently elaborated themselves, and speak of wondrous power that "lives and works unseen."

English poetry is full of energy; there is a majesty in its march. Its images are bold and distinct. Our lyric poetry partakes of the same character. The English mind is fully portrayed therein. It is based on good sound common sense, and seldom rises far above the actual. Even our songs have little of that light, cloudy, dream-like, evanescent substance which forms the material of so many German songs. Our songs are simple; no man can mistake their meaning; the allusions are generally broad hints. You see the thread on which the pearls are strung.

The German song is quite different; it is filled rather with profound sentiments than profound thoughts. Yet sometimes vast meaning is condensed in a few words. It is complicated, allusive, full of dark hints, "nods and becks and wreathed smiles." Goethe's songs, in particular, are often bewitchingly

vague, all their meaning does not come forth at once. The English song is a tree. You see its trunk, its branches, its leaves. You learn the blossom from the bough, and the fruit from the blossom. The only mystery is, "How has it grown?" The German song is a cloud. You cannot define its shape. By looking at one phase, you learn nothing of the next; for one side may be dark, and the other all covered with rainbow light. It is in a perpetual change, and often "overflows with terrible beauty." Like the cloud that Hamlet gazed on, it takes all the forms of the observer's fancy. This vagueness is peculiar to the songs of the Germans, and this people have a prescriptive right to be shadowy, — for the legend says, with deep truth, that while the French had the land, and the English the sea, the Germans had the clouds, for their inheritance. But there is a simple freshness in German poetry, especially in lyric composition. There is no imitation of hackneyed models: no "troubling of the mind" of Goethe and Schiller towards Orpheus and Petrarch, or any of the canonized oracles of song. A Teutonic spirit clothes itself *in its own* Teutonic dress.

> "The high hymn of German bards,
> — in its own fulness swelling,
> From the heart's own depths out-welling,
> Spurns restraint, nor rule regards." — p. 333.

The careless reader will perhaps sometimes pass over the beautiful little pieces of Goethe, not discovering what deep meaning lies under them. But the true poetic Argus will be at no loss to penetrate their depths.

Goethe's songs have been carefully arranged by the translator, and wrought into a beautiful mosaic, thus affording a more correct delineation of the artist's character than most biographies would furnish. You see how he thought, and how he felt; what he aspired after, and what he reached. As he was an Epicurean, so his songs are the songs of this world. The differ-

ent periods of his life are distinctly marked in these pieces, and the careful reader will readily refer one song to his fiery youth: another to his philosophic manhood, when he had "a generous view of life," and still others to a period of more mature wisdom "when he was too old to sin," as some one has said.

These translations are not all by the same hand. Mr. Dwight has been favored with the assistance of Mr. Frothingham, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Clarke, Miss Fuller, Mr. Channing, Mr. Hedge, Mr. Haven, Mr. Brooks, and Mr. Cranch. The different writers necessarily translate in different spirits, and in obedience to different theories of art. But it is certainly remarkable that ten different persons should be found in New England able to produce such fine translations as are contained in the present specimens. But the book must be suffered to speak for itself. The "November Song" has a cheerless title, which it does not merit:

"The Archer! — not the ancient one,
Within whose cheerless Sign
Winters the far-retreating Sun,
And seems but half to shine; —

The Archer boy! to him the song,
Who 'mid the roses plays,
And hears and aims, nor aimeth long,
But hits the heart always.

Through him the winter evenings lend,
So hateful else, and bare,
To us full many a worthy friend,
And many a lady fair.

And henceforth shall the charming child
I' the starry heavens be set,
And, rising, setting, clear and mild,
Shoot twinkles at us yet." — p. 19.

The following, with the scriptural title of "Vanitas vanitatum vanitas," is a good disclosure of the author's philosophy of life:

"I've set my heart upon nothing, you see;
Hurrah!

And so the world goes well with me.
Hurrah!
And who has a mind to be fellow of mine,
Why, let him take hold and help me drain
These mouldy lees of wine.

I set my heart at first upon wealth;
Hurrah!
And bartered away my peace and health;
But, ah!
The slippery change went about like air,
And when I had clutched me a handful here,
Away it went there.

I set my heart upon woman next;
Hurrah!
For her sweet sake was oft perplexed;
But, ah!
The False one looked for a daintier lot,
The Constant one wearied me out and out,
The Best was not easily got.

I set my heart upon travels grand,
Hurrah!
And spurned our plain old Fatherland;
But, ah!
Nought seemed to be just the thing it should,
Most comfortless beds and indifferent food,
My tastes misunderstood.

I set my heart upon sounding fame;
Hurrah!
And, lo! I 'm eclipsed by some upstart's name;
And, ah!
When in public life I loomed quite high,
The folks that passed me would look awry:
Their very worst friend was I.

And then I set my heart upon war.
Hurrah!
We gained some battles with eclat.
Hurrah!
We troubled the foe with sword and flame,
(And some of our friends fared quite the same,)
I lost a leg for fame.

Now I 've set my heart upon nothing, you see;
Hurrah!

And the whole wide world belongs to me.
Hurrah !
The feast begins to run low, no doubt ;
But at the old cask we 'll have one good bout.
Come, drink the lees all out ! " — pp. 50, 51.

Goethe's connexion with Lili, which did not ripen into marriage, gave occasion to some exquisite little poems. The following extract from some lines addressed to a Golden Heart, received from her, and worn round his neck, is a good specimen.

" The bird may burst the silken chain which bound him,
Flying to the green home, which fits him best ;
But, ah ! he bears the prisoner's badge around him,
Still by the piece about his neck distressed.
He ne'er can breathe his free, wild notes again ;
They 're stifled by the pressure of his chain." — p. 31.

Here it may be well to speak of Mr. Dwight's principles of translation. He says —

" Only such of them are given, as have, from time to time, interested the translator, and such as he could translate in the hours when they have most filled his fancy and spoken to his experience. This has been the only principle of selection. Many a time he has turned them over, attracted only by a significant look, a promising glimpse of a meaning, in here and there one ; and often has a song, several times dismissed with a look of irrecognition, revealed itself afterwards, in all its beauty, by the merest accident, when some mood or circumstance has thrown him into the right point of view, or when some fresh experience, grave or trifling, has recalled the song as its fittest word. On this fact he founds whatever confidence he has that these translations are in any degree successful. Full justice to the original could not be done. A song is but a breath. It came out whole, just as it is, as much a mystery to the poet as to any one. Its dress cannot be torn away from its substance ; the rhythm, the tones, the coloring, the imagery, the very length or shortness of it, are determined by a sort of inward necessity — that nicer instinct, by which the soul, in all its genuine productions, instantly chooses out of Nature whatever will serve it for a language. A song is a feeling which has found utterance in a beautiful form, and satisfied itself. The form is not the container of the spirit of a song ; the

form is thoroughly instinct with the spirit, and, in fact, grew out of it. The spirit, therefore, or essence of a lyric piece cannot be transfused out of one form into another. Imitation always fails, and would, even if it were possible to effect an exact literal copy. The translator's only hope, then, is to reproduce, to reöriginate, to repeat, as near as may be, in himself the very experience in which the song first had its birth. Let not this ideal of translation be deemed a boast of what has been realized in the present case: it is a simple confession of inability." — pp. 361, 362.

Is not this the only true theory of translation? How can a lyric be adequately rendered into a new language, unless the translator is stirred by the same spirit which moved the author, and reproduces the same form? In most instances Mr. Dwight has come nearer his ideal than his modesty has permitted him to confess. Some of the versions seem to have sprung out of the original at the command of a magician. Others, however, are not so well executed. But two or three, to our judgment, are improvements upon the originals. One of these is "Restless Love," which almost defies translation. Sometimes, however, the version falls far below the original; this fault is not always to be ascribed to the haste, or carelessness of the translator, but to the fact that the spirit and form of a lyric cannot be separated, and the English language will not take the requisite form, or supply the necessary words. Some of Goethe's songs are so Teutonic, they will not admit of *Anglification*. One of the most pleasing translations in the book, "The Minstrel," p. 62, is far inferior to the original, for this reason: the spirit of the piece is well preserved in the rendering, but the capital charm of the original consists in the language; the beautiful adaptation of the sound to the sense. Mr. Dwight has given us the sense without the sound. But in this he has merely failed to accomplish an impossibility. The original has an exquisite imitative melody, which it would be unfair to ask of a translation. The first four lines of the fifth stanza are beautiful in the version.

"I sing but as the wood-bird sings,
That dwells in shady tree;
The song that from my light heart springs
Is rich reward for me."— p. 63.

Excepting a slight imperfection in the second line, this verse is exceedingly well translated. But to our ear, the first line in the German has the clear warble of the black-bird in its changing notes.

"Ich singe wieder Vogel singt
Der in dem Zweigen wohnet,
Das Lied das aus der Kehle springt,
Ist Lohn der reichlich lohnet."

But in the general way, the translation is surprisingly well done. High as Mr. Dwight has placed his ideal, he has uniformly approached nearer to it than he could reasonably expect. The same is to be said of the pieces from the other writers, who have honored this book with their contributions. It is rare that a judicious critic will find occasion for censure. The following specimen shows the fidelity with which the original is adhered to. We give Mr. Dwight's version and our own literal one beside it.

TO THE MOON.

FREE VERSION.	LITERAL VERSION.
"Fillest hill and vale again, Still, with softening light! Loosest from the world's cold chain All my soul to-night!	Fillest again bush and vale Still with mist-splendor, At last settest free once more My soul entirely.
Spreadest round me, far and nigh, Soothingly, thy smile; From thee, as from friendship's eye, Sorrow shrinks the while.	Widen'st over my meadows, Softening, thy glance, Like the eye of a friend, mild On my destiny.
Every echo thrills my heart— Glad and gloomy mood. Joy and sorrow both have part In my solitude.	My heart feels every echo Of gay and sad time; It walks betwixt Joy and Pain In the solitude.
River, river, glide along! I am sad, alas! Fleeting things are love and song, Even so they pass!	Flow on, flow on, lovely stream, I shall ne'er be glad; Thus Sport and Love must away, And Fidelity.

I have had and I have lost
What I long for yet;
Ah! why will we, to our cost,
Simple joys forget?

River, river, glide along,
Without stop or stay!
Murmur, whisper, to my song
In melodious play, —

Whether on a winter's night,
Rise thy swollen floods,
Or in spring thou hast delight
Watering the young buds.

Happy he, who, hating none,
Leaves the world's dull noise,
And, with trusty friend alone,
Quietly enjoys

What, forever unexpressed,
Hid from common sight,
Through the mazes of the breast
Softly steals by night!"

pp. 32, 33.

Once, indeed, I possessed
What is so precious,
That man, to his sorrow,
Never forgets it.

Rush, River, along the vale,
Without stop or rest;
Rush, and whisper to my song
Melodious notes, —

When thou in the winter night,
Raging, overflowest,
Or in spring's splendor
Waterest young shoots.

Happy he, who from the world,
Without hate, shuts himself;
Holds a friend to his bosom,
And with him enjoys

Whatever unknown by men
Or not conceived of,
Thro' the labyrinth of the breast
Wanders in the night.

There is a pleasing family picture, called "For Life," p. 37. The plan is quite simple; a wedded pair are together looking out of their cottage to see the blessings the "warm spring rain has brought." The storm is swelling in the blue and misty distance, but Love dwells with them. They look, very naturally, to the little grove of trees, — sober as the cares of man and wife, with violets, like youthful love, at their feet. They think of the times when they, two bashful lovers, stole thither to gather the first flowers of spring. Two emblematic doves fly thither at the same moment. The aged pair speak of their marriage, when new moons rejoiced in chorus, when a *new* sun arose, and *new* life began. They speak of their children, and add that this is the anniversary of their wedding:

"Still, still to love we listen,
While years are gliding on;
And now we go to christen
Our grand-child and our son." — p. 40.

The English reader will naturally be reminded of a

similar piece in our tongue, "John Anderson my Jo, John." Each is characteristic of its own nation. The latter proceeded from a grave, thoughtful, forecasting people, and its last stanza would do well at the end of a sermon; yet it is perfectly natural in the mouth of a religious woman, even in a song.

Goethe's Ballads will, perhaps, be more popular amongst us than his songs. The "Fisher" has long been a favorite in Germany. It is difficult to preserve the dreamy character of the original, in a translation, but in general it is quite well done:

"The water rolled, the water swelled;
A fisher sat thereby,
And quietly his angle held;
Chilled to his heart was he.
The water in dreamy motion kept,
As he sat in dreamy mood;
A wave hove up — and a damsel stepped,
All dripping, from the flood.

She sang to him, she spake to him:
'Why wilt thou lure away
My sweet brood by thy human art
To the deadly light of day?
Ah! knewest thou how light of heart
The little fishes live,
Thou wouldst come down, all as thou art,
And thy true life receive.

'Bathes not the sun with all his skies?
Bathes not the moon by night,
To breathe my dew awhile, and rise
All smiling doubly bright?
And tempt thee not the deep, deep skies,
Here spread in watery blue?
And tempt thee not thine own dark eyes
Down through th' eternal dew?'

The water rolled, the water swelled;
It wetted his bare feet;
A something through his bosom thrilled;
He seemed his love to meet.
She spake to him, she sang to him;
With him 't was quickly o'er:
Half drew she him, half sank he in,
And never was seen more." — pp. 67, 68.

In one or two instances, Mr. Dwight gives us two versions; — one literal, and his own; the other free, and from the pen of Mr. Bancroft:

MY GODDESS.

LITERAL VERSION.	FREE VERSION.
Which of the Deities Shall we give the palm to? With none dispute I; Yet would I give it To that ever-changeable, Ever-youthful, Singular child of Jove, His darling daughter, Fantasy. — p. 94.	Who, of Heaven's immortal train, Shall the highest prize obtain? Strife I would with all give o'er, But there's one I'll aye adore, Ever new and ever changing, Thro' the paths of marvel ranging, Dearest in her father's eye, Jove's own darling, Fantasy. p. 97.

Gretchen's Song, p. 124, is a pretty little piece:

"My peace is hence,
My heart is lone,
My rest is for aye
And ever gone."

The following shows to what the author aspired:

"Ah! that the true creative Soul
Through all my sense were ringing,
Like pieces ready for the flower,
From out my senses springing."

We would gladly multiply extracts, but have only space for Mr. Dwight's definition of a Philistine:

"The word 'Philistine' *(Philister)* was originally a cant term, among the students in the German universities, for a townsman, a shopkeeper. In its more extended use, it describes the narrow, positive character, made up of commonplaces and conventionalisms, who is a perpetual contradiction in the way of a poetic nature, like Goethe's, wishing to live widely and genially 'in the Whole, the Good, the Fair,' extemporizing life, culling the fresh flowers of the moment in its own fulness of activity, exploring all regions of thought and poetry and love, resolutely *ignoring* the hackneyed falsehood which timid spirits have turned life into; spurning the poor complacency of settled maxims and set aims, which make it seem as if the soul's limits had all been tried, and experience had settled beforehand for each new comer *what life is.* This

may seem to be making many words of a definition. But a true definition of a 'Philistine' would be an exhibition, by contrast, of the most characteristic and instructive phase in which Goethe presented himself to the world; — it would show, imbodied in a word, all which it was the first article of his creed to shun. He would find *what life was* for himself. He would *be*, and not let himself be moulded into a tame creature of views, purposes, habits, and manners, which, however successfully caught and worn, would only belie his own real nature, and could have no root within him. He wished to begin life afresh, and not take it at second hand, living by pattern and on purpose, with painful fidelity, as too many do, consulting the Past to find out what is in them. He had unbounded faith in himself, which, practically rendered, means this: Let a man only be himself, and he will be the best which he can be; and which, practically tried, continually surprises him with the discovery that nothing is too much to hope to him that is faithful to his hope; that the Ideal is the Real, and that the large presumptions of childhood are the genuine oracles, and that Immortality, Peace, One-ness with God, are more substantial verities, and are nearer, than most theologies have made them. Hence, all *Philisterey* was his especial annoyance; — all canting moralities, which distrust Nature, and do not fortify and save, but only impoverish and unman the soul; — all *systems* in theology, philosophy, taste, which foreclose the illimitable, ever-fresh and trackless fields of Thought; — all narrow criticism, at war with individuality; — all life-plans which voluntarily include drudgery, low or high, as such; — all yoking of the soul's Pegasus into the vulgar plough of self-enslaving thrift; — all toleration of conventionalisms and utilities, except as knacks or conveniences, in the free realm of Poetry, and pure Literature, and Art, where, to work with an eye to consequences, to popular effect, to established formulas, or admired patterns, is at best but clever manufacturing, not creating from the life. His genius would be true to itself. But *Philisterey* — the 'knowingness' of the world — does not trust the honesty of genius, — must hamper it with all the vulgar pledges and securities that it will not go wrong." — pp. 376 – 378.

Schiller was an antipode to Goethe. He was full of lofty aspirations. He was less a Poet than his illustrious rival, but we fancy he was more a man. But it is needless to speak of his character or merits,

while Carlyle's life of him is before the public. We will give a few specimens.

The following is smooth and liquid. It is a most perfect translation:

INDIAN DEATH SONG.

"On the mat he's sitting there:
See! he sits upright,
With the same look that he ware
When he saw the light.

But where now the hand's clinched weight?
Where the breath he drew,
That to the Great Spirit late
Forth the pipe-smoke blew?

Where the eyes, that, falcon-keen,
Marked the rein-deer pass,
By the dew upon the green,
By the waving grass?

These the limbs, that, unconfined,
Bounded through the snow,
Like the stag that's twenty-tyned,
Like the mountain roe!

These the arms, that, stout and tense,
Did the bow-string twang!
See, the life is parted hence!
See, how loose they hang!

Well for him! he's gone his ways
Where are no more snows;
Where the fields are decked with maize,
That unplanted grows;—

Where with beasts of chase each wood,
Where with birds each tree,
Where with fish is every flood
Stocked full pleasantly.

He above with spirits feeds;—
We, alone and dim,
Left to celebrate his deeds,
And to bury him.

Bring the last sad offerings hither!
Chant the death lament!
All inter with him together,
That can him content.

'Neath his head the hatchet hide,
That he swung so strong;
And the bear's ham set beside,—
For the way is long;—

Then the knife, sharp let it be,
That from foeman's crown,
Quick, with dexterous cuts but three,
Skin and tuft brought down;—

Paints, to smear his frame about,
Set within his hand,
That he redly may shine out
In the spirits' land."

pp. 234, 235.

He sings of the dignity of Woman in a fine strain:

"Honored be Woman! To her it is given
To twine with our life the bright roses of Heaven;
'T is hers to be weaving affection's sweet bond;
Beneath the chaste veil she loves to retire,
And nourish in silence the holy fire,
That burns in a bosom faithful and fond.

Far beyond Truth's simple dwelling
Man's wild spirit loves to sweep;

And his heart is ever swelling,
Tossed on passion's stormy deep.
To the distant good aspiring,
There is still no peace for him;
Through the very stars, untiring,
He pursues his dazzling dream.

But Woman's mild glance, like a charm, overtakes him,
And from his visions of wandering wakes him,
Warning him back to the present to flee.
In the mother's still cot her enjoyment
Finds she in modest and quiet employment;
Faithful daughter of Nature is she." — p. 329.

The author's own character is well delineated in the following lines:

LIGHT AND WARMTH.

"The world the generous spirit meets,
Free-hearted, nought concealing;
Trusting to find in all he greets
His own o'erflowing feeling;
Pledging, with honest fervor warm,
To Truth the aid of his true arm.

But men are selfish, mean, and small,
He fails not long of seeing;
The worldly throng are eager all
To seek their own well-being.
Sullen and cold he stands apart,
And love is frozen in his heart.

Alas! Truth's brightest beaming ray
Too oft no heat diffuses;
He's blest, who, with experience gray,
No youthful ardor loses.
Wouldst thou attain thy highest good,
Blend warmth of heart with wisdom shrewd."
p. 342.

Schiller's pieces are good expressions of the aspirings of the human soul. We are never satisfied with what is attained. On Mount Carmel we sigh after Zion; on Zion we languish for Eden; and when that is reached, we aspire to Heaven. Thus, an ideal, when realized, becomes the foundation of other ideals,

still higher and more beautiful; as fast as our dreams become life, they send up other dreams, that haunt us like a passion. This feeling of dissatisfaction, so common in Schiller, — and so rare in Goethe, — expresses itself in the "Pilgrims," from which the following extract is made:

THE PILGRIM.

"Life's first beams were bright around me,
When I left my father's cot,
Breaking every tie that bound me
To that dear and hallowed spot.

Childish hopes and youthful pleasures,
Freely I renounced them all;
Went in quest of nobler treasures,
Trusting to a higher call.

For to me a voice had spoken,
And a Spirit seemed to say,
Wander forth; the path is broken;
Yonder, eastward lies thy way.

Rest not till a golden portal
Thou hast reached; there enter in;
And what thou hast prized as mortal,
There, immortal life shall win!"

p. 226.

We would gladly notice some of the larger pieces, in particular, the "Song of the Bell," "The Walk," "Ideals," "Hero and Leander," with several others. But we have only time for a few words on the "Artists," a work which displays the profoundness of Schiller's mind better than any other single piece he has produced. This poem is a philosophy and a history of Art. It commences by extolling the Beauty and Dignity of Man, — bids him remember the hand that found him an orphan in his tears, and taught him lofty duties in his play. The Bee and the Silkworm are man's superiors in skill and industry; all high Spirits share knowledge with him; but he alone has Art:

"Only through Beauty's Morning-gate
Couldst thou to Knowledge penetrate.
The mind, to face Truth's higher glances,
Must swim some time in Beauty's trances.
The heavenly harping of the Muses,
Whose sweetest trembling through thee rings,
A higher life into thy soul infuses,
And wings it upward to the Soul of Things.

The truth, which had for centuries to wait, —
The truth, which reason had grown old to find, —
Lay in the symbol of the Fair and Great,
Felt from the first by every child-like mind.
'T was Virtue's beauty made her honored so :
A finer instinct shrunk back, when it saw
The ugliness of sin, ere Solon wrote the law,
Forcing the plant unwillingly to grow.
Long ere the thinker's intellect severe
The notion of eternal space could win,
Who ever gazed up at yon starry sphere,
That did not feel it prophesied within ? " — p. 208.

Truth, under the name of Urania, takes the form of Beauty, to please the infant eye of man, and win him to her. When he is driven out of Paradise, she accompanies him, guiding him to Virtue. The poet then speaks of the well-being of those who are blessed by doing the holy work of Truth. The wild man took little notice of Nature as she flew past him. But Art followed close behind her, and traced her form. Then Nature yielded to Art. The plastic power awoke in the rude bosom ; Nature confided her riddle to inquisitive man. He reproduced her works, in architecture, sculpture, and unending song.

" The choosing of a lily or a rose,
With skilful choice into a nosegay bound, —
So the first form of Art from Nature rose ;
Then nosegays into wreaths were wound,
And so a second loftier Art began
From the creative hand of man.
The child of Beauty, all complete alone,
From your still-shaping hand goes forth,
But to a new idea must yield the crown,
As soon as realized on earth.
The column must proportion's law obey,
And to the sister group its graces lend ;
The hero in the host of heroes blend,
And Homer's harp begins the Epic lay." — p. 212.

The barbarians were enraptured at these works. The song of Orpheus made Heroes, even of them. Then the soul breathed a freer air. Manhood shone on the

brow, and Thought came forth to assert its right. Thus man stood forth:

> "Upon his cheek there bloomed a smile;
> His voice's soul-full play the while
> In melody flowed forth;
> His moist eye swam with feelings fond;
> And Grace and Humor, in harmonious bond,
> To every word gave worth." — p. 213.

Next Art matures her works, and strives after higher ideals. Man carries Art with him, wherever he goes:

> "The boundaries of Knowledge disappear;
> The soul
> Sets farther forward Nature's goal,
> And speeds her on her dim career."

Man is reconciled with Destiny, and clothes her in graceful forms. Poetry shimmers over our barren life, like the evening red over the field. At last the goddess, who hitherto had pleased man, conducted him, and wakened his higher life, under the guise of Beauty, throws off her veil, and stands before him as simple Truth. He is astonished, like Telemachus, at finding his companion was a god. He concludes in a noble strain:

> "On bold wing seek a loftier sphere,
> Above your narrow time-career,
> That on your mirror clear may dawn
> From far the coming century's morn.
> O'er all the thousand winding ways
> Of rich Variety
> Meet ye at last with glad embrace
> Round the high throne of Unity!
> As into seven softer hues
> Shivers the silvery beam of light;
> As all the seven rainbow hues
> Run back into the dazzling white;
> So round the swimming eyes of youth
> With all your glancing witcheries play;
> So flow into one bond of Truth,
> Into one stream of perfect Day." — p. 223.

It now remains to say a few words more upon the manner in which these translations have been executed. Sometimes we find additions made to the original; sometimes a thought is omitted from it. Occasionally we notice an imperfect rythm; or a halting verse. Such are the following: "Oh happy ye, of millions the few," p. 210. "Leander" and "arrow" are made to rhyme together, p. 266; "toward" and "coward" are "unequally yoked," p. 298. Some verses are not melodious; e. g. "My sweet brood by thy human art," in the third line of the second stanza in "The Fisher." "On Faith's sunny mountain, wave, Floating far," &c., p. 205, is another instance. Expressions of doubtful propriety are sometimes fixed upon the translator. Such as "Ideal and rarity," p. 18; "wisest" is used for the wisest thought, p. 214. But we only mention these slight blemishes, which can easily be amended in the next edition, which is already called for.

It is unnecessary to say anything in commendation of the whole work. It praises itself. Schiller will, perhaps, please at the first reading, more extensively than Goethe. Some will always prefer him. His genius took a loftier flight than Goethe's. But its excursions were not so wide. Goethe was a broad, Schiller a high man. But perhaps the true poetical reader will finally prefer the exquisite delicacy and consummate skill of the latter, to the warm love and lofty aspirations of the former.

Art. IV. — *A System of Phrenology.* By George Combe. Boston: Marsh, Capen, & Lyon. 1835. 8vo. pp. 664.

Phrenology, properly speaking, is a physiology of the brain; and, as such, an interesting and useful branch of science. Considered solely in this light,

we are disposed to think favorably of it, — indeed, to believe it. But phrenologists pretend that it is something more than this. They claim for it the high merit of being a philosophy of the human mind, and the only sound philosophy of the human mind ever set forth. Mr. Combe recommends it on the ground of its throwing a flood of light on the philosophy of mind; and we heard him declare positively, that, if it be not true, mental philosophy cannot be understood. The American Phrenological Journal grounds the utility of phrenology, in part, on the assumed fact, that it forms the basis of a more correct system of mental philosophy than has hitherto been embraced. We are, therefore, called upon to examine its pretensions, not merely as an account of the functions of the brain, but as a system of metaphysics; and an examination of it, in this respect, will probably be acceptable to the majority of our readers.

Phrenology, as defined by its advocates, treats of the manifestations of mind, and of the physiological conditions under which they take place; but it is all embraced in the four following facts or principles: 1. The brain is the organ of the mind; 2. The brain is a congeries of organs, and each individual organ serves to manifest a special faculty of the mind; 3. The strength of a faculty, *cæteris paribus*, is proportioned to the size of the organ; 4. The size of the organ, and therefore, with the above qualification, the strength of the faculty may be ascertained by examining the external head. As these four facts or principles embrace the whole of phrenology, nothing can be claimed as phrenology which does not come within their scope. We accept these four facts or principles, and all that necessarily grows out of them. We, therefore, concede to phrenologists their whole science. We controvert, at present, none of their facts. But though we make this concession, which is all that they can in conscience ask of us, we are by no means prepared to admit the inferences by which they erect it into a complete system of mental philosophy.

Phrenologists offer us an enumeration and classification of the primitive tendencies — faculties, they call them, — of human nature. This enumeration they consider as nearly complete, and this classification as just. On this ground, and on this alone, must they found their pretensions as metaphysicians. But we ask them, — 1st. If their account of the primitive faculties of human nature be the true account? 2d. Admitting it is, does it take in the whole of mental science? and 3d. Admitting it does take in the whole of mental science, is it obtained by means of phrenological principles, instead of the method adopted by metaphysicians in general? These three questions are pertinent, and we regret that we do not find phrenologists giving them that distinct consideration their importance demands.

We proceed to consider the last question first. Admitting the phrenologist's account of the primitive faculties of human nature is the true one, we ask how has he obtained it. Grant his psychology; how has he constructed it? Has he done it by means of his phrenological facts, or by simply noting the facts he is conscious of in himself?

The simple fact, that a phrenologist is able to give, and does give, us a true account of the faculties of the human soul, is not necessarily a proof that this account is involved in, or that it grows out of the four phrenological principles we have enumerated. It is not, then, a proof that this account has any necessary connexion with phrenology. A shoe-maker may chance to construct a true system of astronomy, but it does not follow from this that astronomy is a branch of shoe-making, or that it can be successfully prosecuted by none but shoe-makers. Before the phrenologist can claim his psychology as a part of phrenology, he must show that it can be arrived at only by means of his four phrenological principles; and that, if these be denied, its truth cannot be maintained.

The phrenologist has counted some thirty or forty primitive faculties of human nature, *located*, named,

and described them. We will, for our purposes, take but one of these, that of Benevolence. Two things are to be considered: 1. The faculty of benevolence; 2. The cerebral organ by which it is manifested. We presume the phrenologist does not intend to confound the faculty with the organ. We do not confound the sense of sight with the eye. The faculty of benevolence is psychical — the organ physical. Now, does a knowledge of the organ afford any clue to the nature and character of the faculty of benevolence? Certainly not. Knowledge of the fact, then, that each special faculty of human nature has its appropriate cerebral organ, together with manipulation of that organ, cannot lead to a knowledge of the faculty. What aid, then, do we derive from phrenology in constructing our psychology?

How, we ask, does the phrenologist come to the knowledge of the fact, that benevolence is one of the primitive faculties of human nature? Will he say, here is a cerebral organ for benevolence, therefore there must be a faculty of benevolence? With his leave, this is not sound logic. When he declares this or that portion of brain the organ of benevolence, he assumes the existence of the faculty of benevolence. How can he say this portion of brain is consecrated to benevolence, if he be ignorant of the fact that there is such a faculty as benevolence? Man has an organ for veneration, therefore veneration is a primitive faculty of human nature. But how know that this is an organ of veneration before we know that man venerates, and venerates by means of this portion of the cerebrum?

We confess we cannot see how the phrenologist obtains his psychology by means of his phrenological principles. He does not pretend that the organs are distinctly marked on the brain. There are no cerebral marks by which he can tell where benevolence ends and veneration begins. The number of the organs cannot be ascertained so as in return to aid in determining the number of faculties. This is evident

from the fact that phrenologists do not agree in their enumeration of one or the other; some reckoning more faculties and organs, and others fewer. The portion of brain, which Spurzheim and Combe devote to Ideality, others devote to Ideality and Sublimity,—thus dividing what was regarded as one organ into two, and making two primitive faculties out of what was at first pronounced to be but one. It is evident, from this, that the examination of the skull can no more determine the number of our primitive faculties, than it can their nature and character. We ask again, then, what light does phrenology throw on psychology?

The phrenologist must determine the number and character of our primitive faculties independently of his craniology, or not determine them at all. How, then, does he determine their number and character? We presume by analyzing his own consciousness. Mr. Combe declared in his Lectures that a man destitute of Conscientiousness would be incapable of conceiving moral distinctions. He differed with Dr. Spurzheim as to a particular faculty, and claimed superior authority for his own opinion, because the organ of the faculty in question was large on his head, and almost totally deficient on Dr. Spurzheim's. Phrenologists, then, resort to consciousness. They turn their eyes in upon themselves, and analyze the facts of the mental world. But this is the way all psychologists do, and ever have done. Phrenologists then, as psychologists, have nothing peculiar in their method. Their psychology, then, is not obtained by their phrenological principles, but by the usual process. If any one doubts this, let him ask if a phrenologist would feel himself warranted in denying the existence of a faculty he should be conscious of possessing, and which he should see manifested in the lives of others, merely because he could find no organ for it? We do not believe he would. We conclude this part of the subject, then, by saying that, admitting that the phrenologist has accurately enumerated and rightly classed

the faculties of human nature, he has not done it by virtue of his phrenology, but by virtue of his superior psychological analysis.

But we go farther. We deny both the completeness and the justness of the phrenological psychology. Dr. Spurzheim and George Combe enumerate and describe thirty-five faculties, and speak of two more which are considered doubtful, or not fully settled. But what they call faculties, are evidently nothing but instinctive laws or tendencies of human nature, and not at all deserving the name of *faculty*. We accept the number and character of these tendencies, as given by phrenologists, but they by no means exhaust the consciousness.

These tendencies are all instinctive; they are blind cravings, and the causality at work in them is not our personality. We are separate from them, and either obey them or control them. The faculties proper, those powers by which we control our instincts, are not accounted for by phrenologists. Memory is unquestionably a faculty of the human soul, but the phrenologist has no organ for it. He virtually denies memory. True he says each faculty remembers, — that Eventuality remembers events, Individuality remembers individual facts, Causality remembers causes, Comparison relations, and so on through the whole list. But does he not see that this is all aside the mark? It is not this or that faculty that remembers, but *we* remember. What he alleges merely explains why it is that we remember some things rather than others; but it says nothing of why we remember at all. Memory is two-fold. Sometimes the past comes up of its own accord, sometimes it comes up only as we recall it. Now, how, if we have no faculty of memory, are we able to recall the past?

Sensibility is another faculty of which phrenologists give a very unsatisfactory account. The feelings they speak of are merely modes or variations of sensibility, not the capacity of feeling itself. Endowed as I am with the capacity of feeling, I can easily under-

stand that with the brain large in the region of Benevolence, I shall have that modification of sensibility strong; or if small in the region devoted to Self-esteem, I shall not be proud. But this does not explain the capacity of feeling, nor give it a cerebral organ. There is no organ for sensibility; there are simply organs for its modes.

The same difficulty occurs in relation to the faculty of *knowing*, intelligence, or reason. We know well what phrenologists say on this subject; we know that they have devoted to the intellect the anterior lobe of the brain, or at least the larger portion of it; and that they speak of perceptive faculties and reflective faculties; but wherefore we understand not. If true to their own system, they must pronounce the intellectual faculties, as they call them, instincts, desires, cravings, as well as the propensities and sentiments. Comparison, in their account of the matter, is nothing but a craving to know relations, Causality to know causes, Individuality to know individual facts. The cerebral organ of Causality, with all deference to George Combe, we must suggest, does not take cognizance of causes; it is merely the organ by which the man manifests his desire to know causes. Similar remarks may be made of all the intellectual faculties, as they are called. They do not constitute the knowing faculty, but are merely its modes, and simply account for the fact that all kinds of knowledge are not acquired by all men with equal facility. To know, is the same, whether it be of causes, relations, facts, tunes, times, colors, or events. It is a general power, which, if we choose, will be directed to an investigation of causes, of ideas, of beauty, of religion, as Causality, Comparison, Ideality, or Veneration is the larger organ on the head. But the fact that it is directed to one class of facts rather than another, in consequence of cerebral development, can by no means destroy its unity, or make it not a faculty of the human soul. The phrenologists, in rejecting it,

appear to us to make out but a very defective psychology.

The *will*, or personality, is also denied by phrenologists. We mean not to say that they have banished the word, but the thing. Benevolence does this, Causality does that, is their way of speaking. The man, the person, does nothing. There is no unity. Phrenologists even labor to disprove all unity of consciousness; and Dr. Spurzheim introduces a man crazy on one side of his head, but sane on the other, to prove the fact of double consciousness. One can hardly refrain from adding that a man resorting to such testimony for such a purpose must needs be crazy, not on one side of his head only, but on both sides.

One while, the phrenologists confound will with desire; another while, with a decision of the understanding, and generally, with the circumstances which influence it. Each faculty is said to will its appropriate objects. Here by will they mean desire. When the intellect perceives that a certain group of organs ought to be obeyed, there is a will to obey them. Here will is taken for a decision of the understanding. If a group of organs giving a determinate character be predominant, there is a will to follow them. Here will is confounded with both desire and the circumstances which influence us. Are men, who can commit mistakes like these, philosophers?

The will, we have shown elsewhere, is the ME, the personality, the power of acting, not the mere capacity of receiving an action. The causality at work in the will is always the person, the ME, myself. It is the power of self-determination. Take away the will, and you destroy personality. The will is always free. Indeed it is identical with freedom. A necessary will, or a will that is not free, is a solecism. But desire is not free. It does not spring up because I will it. It takes place independently of my personality. The causality at work in it, then, is not mine. If, then, there be no will but desire, there is no will at all;

then there is no personality, then we reënter into nature and necessity, and fatalism is truth. The same remarks may be made on the decision of the understanding. I cannot control the decisions of my understanding. I see as I can, not as I will. The decisions of the understanding are controlled by a power which I am not. They are necessary, not free. If we confound the will with them, we destroy it, efface personality, and reduce man to a thing, at best, to an animal. We reside eminently in our power of acting, and this power of acting is what we mean by the will as a faculty of human nature.

Now, we are conscious of possessing this power. We do not seek to prove it, for we know it as immediately and as positively as we know that we exist. Our judgments may decide one way, but we can resolve to go another. Desire may prompt us to one deed, but we can will to do another. Every man knows this, for every man repeats the experiment every day of his life. It is true, I may be overpowered by my appetites, my desires, my passions, and led into sin; nevertheless I retain ever the power of willing to resist. This power may not always manifest itself in outward acts, but it exists and manifests itself, internally, in the sphere of consciousness. A strong man may hold me to the ground, so that I cannot rise; but though I cannot rise, I can will to rise. Here, then, is a faculty or power which I unquestionably possess, or rather which is myself, of which phrenologists take no account. We can find no recognition of it in their psychology. By what authority, then, do they say that they have constructed a complete psychology? Here is the man himself, of which they take no account, and for which they find no place.

"The knowing and reflecting faculties," says Mr. Combe, p. 467, "are subject to the will, or rather constitute will themselves." In his Lectures he told us repeatedly that will is seated in the anterior lobe of the brain, and is identical with intellect. Consequently the power of perceiving is identical with the power

of willing, and to know is simply to resolve! This may be true philosophy, and deserving the vote of thanks and piece of plate from Bostonians, which Mr. Combe received for it; but we confess that it is a philosophy which we are not yet prepared to embrace. We pretend not, however, to refute it; for he who can see no difference between knowing a thing, and resolving to do or not to do a thing, though he win not conviction, must needs be unanswerable.

What, again, do phrenologists mean by calling Causality and Comparison *reflective* faculties? Have they analyzed reflection? In reflection there is both intelligence and will. We will to reflect. In every act of reflection we turn the mind in upon itself. But phrenologists deny will, they deny activity, freedom; how, then, can they admit reflection? And moreover, what are Causality and Comparison but simple tendencies to inquire into causes and relations? They do not, of themselves, take cognizance of causes and relations, otherwise every man who has them large would be sure to have an extensive knowledge of causes and relations, without having ever inquired, which is not the fact. But suppose Causality knows causes, and Comparison knows relations, we should like to know if they reflect in knowing these, any more than Individuality does in knowing facts, or Time in knowing dates? Admit they do, how does the phrenologist know the fact? How does he learn that Causality is a *reflective* faculty, and Individuality a simple *knowing* faculty?

Again, phrenologists boast much of phrenology as harmonizing with Christianity. Now, one of the plainest injunctions of Christianity is that of self-denial. We should like to see the phrenologist explain, on his principles, the doctrine of self-denial. He recognises no self, no ME, but some thirty or forty faculties having no common spiritual centre. What to him, then, will be self-denial? To deny oneself, we presume he will say, is to give predominance to the moral and religious sentiments over the lower or

animal propensities. But two questions in reference to this answer: 1. What is that which gives the predominance to the moral and religious sentiments? and 2. Is this predominance really a self-denial? Are not the moral and religious sentiments as much parts of *self*, in the view of phrenologists, as the propensities themselves? Why is it, then, any more self-denial to bring the propensities into subjection to the sentiments, than it would be to bring the sentiments into subjection to the propensities?

But what is it that brings the one into subjection to the other? What is this which exerts this power? Is it the ME, the personality, activity, liberty, which is not the tendencies, but their subject, their common centre? Is it, in a word, the will? Why have phrenologists then neglected to describe it, to give us an account of it? and why do they give us such an account of the will as necessarily excludes it? Will they say, as George Combe does, that it is the intellect? Well, what directs the intellect to that end? A power which we are, or which is objective to us? If objective to us, as they imply in all they say, then it is not we that subject our propensities to our moral and religious sentiments, but something else. Then we do not deny ourselves, and cannot. Then the Christian duty of self-denial is impracticable.

Once more. — Christianity teaches the doctrine of accountability; how will the phrenologist make this doctrine harmonize with his philosophy? Mr. Combe took up this subject in his Lectures; but his mode of treating it struck us at the time as peculiarly vague and inconclusive. Christianity represents man as placed under a law which he is morally obliged to obey, and which he has the power to obey or not to obey. We believe every man's conscience bears witness to the truth of this Christian doctrine; all languages imply it, and all systems of morality and jurisprudence are based upon it. But if a man be the slave of his instincts, if he be not free to control them, to will the right, though they would lead him to pur-

sue the wrong, it is obvious that he is not accountable for his actions, and therefore is not a subject of moral discipline. Phrenologists say the character of the man will be good, if the moral and religious sentiments and intellect predominate, and bad if the animal propensities predominate. The question which naturally arises is, has a man with large organs for the animal propensities, and small organs for the moral and religious sentiments and intellect, the power to be a strictly moral and upright man? Or has a man with an organization the reverse of this, the power to be a bad man? If not, then the man is controlled by an exterior force; his acts are not, strictly speaking, his acts, but the acts of the force at work in his instinctive tendencies. If then you make him accountable, you make him accountable for deeds not his own. I am responsible only for my own deeds. What is done in me, but not by me, is no more my doing than what is done in a man of whom I never heard, and with whom I have no relation. How then can I be responsible? Indeed does not phrenological psychology destroy all responsibility?

This is a grave question, and as such Mr. Combe gave it a grave, but we are sorry to say, not an explicit answer. The cautiousness so characteristic of his Nation, seemed all the while to be predominant. He did not say, man has the power in question, nor that he has it not. He evaded the real question at issue, and introduced another, which was but remotely related to it. He asked, What do we mean by responsibility? Responsibility to whom? To God? Do we mean by the question to ask whether God will have a right to punish us or not? Phrenology has nothing to do with such questions. Phrenology does not profess to answer theological questions, — although one of its chief recommendations in the minds of many is, the aid it brings to scriptural exegesis. We leave the question of responsibleness to God, and ask again, to whom are we responsible? To society? But the question he should have asked, was not, to

whom we are responsible, nor to what we are responsible, but, if our characters are determined by our cerebral development, can we be accountable at all? Yet this question, for reasons best known to himself, he did not choose to ask or answer. He considered merely our responsibleness to society, that is, the right of society to punish us. He placed before us the casts of three heads, one decidedly bad, one middling, and one decidedly good. The first question is to determine who are responsible. Now, persons with heads like this, — showing us the cast of the villain, — are not responsible. You see, here are large propensities, feeble sentiments, and deficient intellect. Such a man should be treated as a *moral patient*, and asylums should be built, in which all persons with heads organized in this way, should be confined. Then again, — showing us the middling head, — is this man responsible? You see the propensities are large, the moral and religious sentiments rather small, though the intellect is considerable. Persons with heads organized in this manner will do very well, if kept out of the way of temptation; but if tempted, they will assuredly fall. But here is a different head. Persons with heads like this are proof against temptation, and maintain their integrity amidst all circumstances. Persons of this class are responsible. You see here moderate propensities, large moral and religious sentiments to perceive the right, and large intellect to will it. If such a person does not do right, he has no excuse.

But we wished Mr. Combe to tell us whether this man, with the good head, had the power to neglect his duty, — whether he did right by the force of instinct, or by voluntary striving. We wished to know whether there be in man a power or faculty, by which he controls his instinctive tendencies, and directs them to the fulfilment of the moral law, or by which he can, if he choose, direct them to the breach of the moral law. If man has not this power, he is not a moral being, and the accountability spoken of in the

Christian revelation is unfounded. Phrenology, then, instead of being in harmony with Christianity, would be directly opposed to it. If there be such a power, phrenologists have not given us a true philosophy of man, because they have failed to recognise and describe it.

If the phrenological psychology be admitted, virtue is indeed, as Brutus said, "an empty name." In none of the phrenological lectures we have heard, in none of the phrenological books we have read, have we found anything on which virtue can be based. We can conceive how a man, on phrenological principles, may be good or bad, in the sense in which we say a good or bad knife, but we cannot conceive it possible for one to be virtuous or sinful. Virtue is my own act; it springs from my will, and can spring from no other. No power can compel me to be virtuous; for the deeds I do through compulsion, I do not, but the power that compels me, and therefore they are not mine, and however good they may be, they are not virtuous.

Now, in the primitive instincts of my nature, *I* do not act. In relation to these primitive tendencies, which the phrenologists call faculties, I am passive, and hence they are termed *passions*. The active force in them is not my ME, my personality, but a force foreign to it. Admitting, then, that all these tendencies are good, and that all which is done through their impulsive force is in harmony with the law of God, it does not follow that I am virtuous. The sun and stars obey God's law, but are they virtuous? Not at all. Because they are not persons, are not active but passive, and revolve in obedience to God's law only because a power foreign to them makes them so revolve. The analogy holds good in man. When I find myself in harmony with the law of God, by the force of my instinctive tendencies, I am there by no act of mine, and consequently have no claim to virtue. This distinction between virtue and goodness, our phrenologists seem not to have made. Goodness is conformity

to the will of the Creator; virtue is the voluntary striving after that conformity. I may be forced to conform, and therefore forced into goodness; but I cannot be forced to will to conform, therefore cannot be forced into virtue. Now, what I do in obedience to my instinctive tendencies, I am forced to do as much as if the impelling power were outside of my body; consequently, though forced to conform by my instincts, I am only good, not virtuous, unless I have also willed to conform. Phrenologists seem always satisfied when the conformity is obtained, although in obtaining it, they annihilate the man. They do not regard it as essential that we should will that conformity, therefore do not regard virtue itself as essential; and as they do not give us this power of willing, they represent virtue as impossible.

But waiving all this, we must tell our phrenological friends, that psychology does not embrace the whole of philosophy. Their views of mental science are low and narrow, and make them physicians rather than metaphysicians. They seem to imagine that mental philosophy is merely a sort of natural history of the mind, — that when they have enumerated and described the primitive tendencies, or laws, of human nature, their work is done. But we must assure them, that the mental philosopher has other and more important matters than these to settle, and which, in our judgment, phrenology does not in the least aid him to settle. There is the somewhat important question of the criterion of truth, or ground of certainty. We should like to know what light phrenology throws on this question. Does it give us any clue to its answer? Phrenologists assert many things as true; how do they know that what they assert is true? How do they know that the authority on which they rely, and to which they appeal, is legitimate and safe? How do they determine that all human knowledge is not dream, or that our faculties are to be trusted? They may tell us that phrenology does not ask these questions, and that it should not be called upon to

answer them. Be it so. But these are philosophical questions, and if they do not bring them within the scope of phrenology, what right have they to call phrenology a system of mental philosophy? Does it afford the basis of an answer to these questions? Not at all. Then it does not embrace the whole of philosophy.

Men generally believe in something existing outside of them; but some philosophers contend that we cannot pass, by any legitimate process, from the world within us to a world outside of us. We do not expect our phrenological readers, generally, will comprehend the problem here implied, for they do not seem to possess the capacity of distinguishing between the ME and the NOT-ME; but still, we trust some of them will understand what we mean, when we say that a few men have questioned the existence of an external world; have, like Berkeley, regarded it as a picture stamped by God on the retina of the mind, or, like Fichté, as the ME projected, taken as the object of itself. Now, what light has the phrenologist to throw on this question? Are these philosophers right; or shall we continue to believe, with the great mass of mankind, that there is a real world existing outside of us, and independent of us? How, out of the four phrenological principles we have enumerated, shall we extract an answer to this question? If phrenology cannot answer it, how can its friends call it a system, or the basis of a system, of mental philosophy?

Mr. Combe touches, in his book, (pp. 453, 454,) upon this question, but unfortunately he does not give it that direct and explicit answer which its importance seems to demand. He says Berkeley denied the external world, because he could see no necessary connexion between the conception or idea of it, which is a mental affection, and its existence. But instead of informing us whether Berkeley was right or not, or showing us how phrenology enables us to solve the problem, he merely undertakes to tell us how we can explain, on phrenological principles, the fact that Berke-

ley denied an external world, and also the fact that Reid asserted it. "Individuality, aided by the other perceptive powers, in virtue of its constitution, perceives the external world, and produces an intuitive belief in its existence. But Berkeley employed the faculty of Causality to discover *why* this perception is followed by belief; and as Causality could give no account of the matter, and could see no necessary connexion between the mental affection, called perception, and the existence of external nature, he denied the latter." This, translated into the language of mortals, means, we suppose, that Berkeley denied the existence of external nature, because he could discover no reason for asserting it. This is a very satisfactory reason, no doubt, why Berkeley denied the existence of an external world, but Mr. Combe must pardon us, if we cannot accept it as a satisfactory answer to the question, whether Berkeley was justified in his denial or not.

There are two other points in this answer deserving attention. "Individuality, aided by the other perceptive powers, in virtue of its constitution, perceives the external world, and produces an intuitive belief in its existence." Translated, as we have said, into the language of mortals, this means, we suppose, that we perceive an external world, or by the constitution of our nature, are led irresistibly to believe in its existence. This is the doctrine of Reid, advanced in reply to Hume and Berkeley. It is not, then, necessarily, a phrenological doctrine. But this is of no consequence. Does phrenology throw any additional light on it, or give to it any additional certainty? Is our belief in an external world made more rational or philosophical, by saying that "Individuality, by virtue of its constitution, perceives the external world, and produces an intuitive belief in its existence," than it was when we said with Reid, we are irresistibly led, by the constitution of our nature, to believe in an external world?

Again, — how does Mr. Combe know that Individ-

uality does actually perceive an external world? The perception, we suppose he will admit with Berkeley, is a mental affection; how, then, by the aid of phrenology, pass from the mental affection, the idea, to the object? We wish he would tell us what principle or fact phrenology has disclosed, which enables him to do this. We cannot see that he has advanced at all on Berkeley, or obtained any means of legitimating our faith in an external world. Phrenology appears to us to leave this question where it found it.

This answer of his also implies that we cannot legitimate belief in the objective. He says that Causality can assign no reason why we should believe in the existence of external nature, — that is, we have no other ground for asserting that existence, than that we believe it because it is our nature to believe it. Hume and Berkeley both said as much. Phrenology, then, so far from legitimating the universal belief of mankind in an external world, either leaves that matter untouched, or, according to its greatest living expounder, tells us that we cannot legitimate it. We should like to know wherein phrenology decides that we can *not* pass legitimately from the subjective to the objective?

The friends of phrenology boast its value in settling the great problems of Natural Theology. Some of them go so far as to say that it puts the question of the existence of God at rest. If it be a complete system of mental philosophy, it ought to do this. Let us see, then, if it does it. Mr. Combe attempts, in his book, to show that it does; but he merely shows us why some men believe in God, and why others do not. Men on whose heads the organ of Causality is large, believe in God, — those on whose heads it is small, do not. Now this, in point of fact, is not true. Abner Kneeland has large Causality, and the Abbé Paris was almost entirely deficient in it. Hume had large Causality, and Reid, according to Mr. Combe, had small Causality. But let this pass. Suppose Mr. Combe is right, his remark no more proves the legitimacy of

theism than it does of atheism; and the argument which he introduces after this remark, and which he represents as always silencing atheists, is nothing but the old argument from Design, which is inconclusive, unless we have first established the existence of a Designer. But be it ever so conclusive, it derives no additional force from phrenology.

But phrenologists profess, also, to find a proof of the existence of God in the sentiment of Veneration. "Destructiveness is implanted in the mind, and animals exist around us to be killed for our nourishment; Adhesiveness and Philoprogenitiveness are given, and friends and children are provided, on whom they may be exercised; Benevolence is conferred on us, and the poor and unhappy, on whom it may shed its soft influence, are every where present with us; in like manner, the instinctive tendency to worship is implanted in the mind, and, conformably to these analogies of nature, we may reasonably infer that a God exists whom we may adore." (p. 261.) That is, man is disposed to venerate, *therefore* there is a God for him to venerate. Supposing you had first proved a God, who has implanted in us the tendency to venerate, you might then take the existence of the tendency as a proof that it is God's will that we should venerate him; but that the tendency, of itself, supposes God, is more than we can conceive. The logic, by which we conclude from the existence of the tendency to the object, is, we presume, peculiarly phrenological.

But the evidence of a God, to be derived from this source, is taken away by the very persons who adduce it. "Man," says Dr. Gall, "adores everything, fire, water, earth, thunder, lightning, meteors, grasshoppers, crickets." The existence of the fact, that man worships, is, then, according to phrenologists themselves, no better evidence of the existence of God, than it is that God, if he exists, is a cricket or a grasshopper. After this, we hope they will cease to boast of the new light their science throws on the fundamental truths of Natural Theology.

But passing over this; — phrenologists have only told us what we all knew before, that men have a disposition to venerate, to adore. All have admitted this. The only question in dispute is, Is there a God to be adored? This question phrenologists leave where it was before. They have merely, by pointing out an organ of veneration, led people to reflect, perhaps, more on the fact that man is naturally religious, than they otherwise would have done; but whether religion is grounded in truth, or whether it be an illusion, is a question they have not answered, nor increased our means of answering.

One great object of philosophy is to demonstrate the fact, that man is a moral being, — that there is above him a law he ought to obey, and that he is in the way of his duty when he obeys it, and sinful when he disobeys. That man is under such a law, is the universal sentiment of the race, as the universal presence of conscience testifies. But some men have questioned this law, in fact denied its reality. This has led others to seek to establish it. Now, if phrenology be a complete system of philosophy, it must settle this question. Does it do it? So say the phrenologists. How does it do it? Why, there is on man's head an organ of Conscientiousness, and those who have it large are disposed to be honest, upright, moral; and those who have it very small, are incapable of perceiving moral distinctions. We will not laugh at this answer, for we suppose it is given in good faith; but, taking it in its most favorable light, we must ask what it amounts to? Simply to the fact, that men are so organized, or so constituted, that they do believe in moral distinctions. Is this belief well founded? Is there that moral world actually existing, which it implies? Here is a question our phrenological friends do not answer. Can they answer it?

The immortality of the soul is another philosophical question, and one which philosophy ought to settle. Does phrenology throw any light on this question? Not at all. It professes to leave this, and all similar ques-

tions, by the way. Very well. We do not ask it to answer them, only we say, if it does not, it takes in but a small part of what we understand by the philosophy of the human mind; and therefore its friends should not claim for it the high merit of being the foundation of all correct mental science. We do not complain of phrenology, because it does not do more, but of its friends for representing it as being more than it is.

Mr. Combe speaks of phrenology as exalting the dignity of human nature. It teaches, he said, in his Lectures, that all our faculties are in themselves good, and given by our Creator for useful purposes, and that they become the occasion of evil only when abused. Phrenologists teach this, we admit, and perhaps to recommend their science; but how they deduce this from their phrenological principles, is to us a mystery. It is a conclusion to which they doubtless arrive by reasoning from certain notions of justice which they entertain; but do they derive those notions from phrenological facts, or from sources in no sense dependent on the truth or falsity of phrenology?

Phrenologists speak of the moral and religious sentiments as the *higher* nature of man. Is this because their organs are located on the upper part of the head? They say the moral and religious sentiments *ought* to govern the propensities. We admit it; but will they tell us how they verify this fact by phrenology? Is there anything to be discovered by manipulation to establish it? Or do they establish it by consulting the revelations of consciousness, just as all philosophers do? But Mr. Combe ridicules the idea of knowing anything of the mind, by the study of consciousness. "The human mind," he says, "in this world, cannot, by itself, be an object of philosophical investigation." The mind, then, cannot investigate itself, — thought cannot be an object of thought, and we can never turn our minds in upon themselves, and study the facts of consciousness! This, we confess, is a novel view of the matter, and

one which, we presume, no mental philosopher ever suspected before Gall, Spurzheim, and George Combe.

But enough. We wish our readers to distinctly understand that we make no war upon phrenology, when restricted to its legitimate sphere. As a physiological account of the brain, a treatise on its functions, and as enabling us to explain the causes of the differences we meet with in individual character, we believe it, and value it. Within these limits, within which Gall usually confined it, it is, as we have said, a useful and interesting branch of science. The mischief of it lies in attempting, as Spurzheim and Combe do, to make it a system of mental philosophy, which it is not, and never can be. The fundamental principles of phrenology are easily reconcilable with a sound spiritual philosophy, and on some future occasion we may attempt to show this. The objections we have brought forward, do not bear against those principles, but against the doctrines phrenologists profess to derive from them. We war, then, not against the science, but against what its friends have superinduced upon it, or alleged it to be.

They, who oppose phrenology by controverting its physiological facts, do not seem to us to act very wisely. Mr. Combe's Lectures, we confess, tended to weaken our faith in the reality of those facts, and to induce us to class phrenology with the other humbugs of the day; but our own observations have been somewhat extended, and we are satisfied that the phrenologists have really made some physiological discoveries not altogether worthless; and their assertion of a connexion between the instinctive tendencies of our nature, and cerebral organization, has led to a kind of observation on the different traits of individual character, which has enlarged our stock of materials for a Natural History of Man. They have, also, made many valuable observations on education, and the means of preserving a sound mind in a sound body; and induced many to turn their attention to the study of mental science, who, but for them, might

never have done it. This is considerable; enough to give them an honorable rank among the benefactors of their race, — and a rank they should be permitted peaceably to enjoy, unless they claim one altogether higher, and to which no man of any tolerable acquaintance with mental science can believe them entitled.

Admitting all the facts phrenologists allege, all that legitimately belongs to their science, we contend that it throws no light on the great problems of mental philosophy. In relation to all those problems, we stand unaffected by the discoveries of Gall and Spurzheim; and had phrenologists clearly perceived the nature of those problems, they would never have dared to put forth the claims they have, and which we have contested. Phrenology is a physical, not a metaphysical science, and all it can, with any propriety, pretend to do, is to point out and describe the physiological conditions to which, in this mode of being, the mental affections are subjected. This it has, to some extent, done; but this does not amount to so much as they imagine. In doing it, they do not approach the boundaries of metaphysical science, and therefore we have felt it necessary to show them that they claim for it more than it is or can be.

We are grateful to all laborers in the field of science, and to every man who discovers a new law or a new fact. But we confess we are a little impatient with arrogant pretensions. Let the discoverer of the new law, or the new fact, describe it to us, and claim the merit that is his due; but let him not fancy his merit must needs be so great as to sink out of sight the merit of every body else. We could bear with our phrenological friends altogether better, were they not perpetually addressing us, as if all wisdom was born with Gall and Spurzheim. To believe them, before these two German empirics Plato and Aristotle, Bacon and Descartes, Leibnitz and Locke, Reid and Kant, sink into insignificance. Now, this is more than we can bear. "Great men lived before Agamemnon," — and we believe there were philosophers, before Gall and

Spurzheim set out with a cabinet of skulls on their wanderings from Vienna. It is because phrenologists lose sight of this fact, and would fain make it believed that nothing can be known of the human mind, but by means of their four principles, that we have deemed it necessary to rebuke them. We hope they will bear our reproof with the meekness of philosophers.

We honor the man who has the courage to proclaim a new doctrine, one which he honestly believes, and which he knows is in opposition to the habitual faith of his age and country; but we always distrust both the capacity and the attainments of him, who can see nothing to venerate in his forefathers, and who bows not before the wisdom of antiquity. Progress there may be, and there is; but no one man can advance far on his predecessors,—never so far that they shall sensibly diminish in the distance. These arrogant reformers with the tithe of an idea, who speak to us as if they had outgrown all the past, and grasped and made present the whole future, are generally persons who, having advanced on their own infancy, imagine therefore, that they have advanced on the whole world. But the more we do really advance, the more shall we be struck with the greatness of those who went before us, and the more sincere and deep will be our reverence for antiquity. The darkness we ascribe to remote ages is often the darkness of our own minds, and the ignorance we complain of in others may be only the reflex of our own. Progress we should labor for, progress we should delight in, but we should beware of underrating those who have placed us in the world. "There were giants in those days."

Phrenologists must attribute the ridicule and opposition they have encountered to themselves. Their method of propagating their science, their character of itinerant lecturers, and their habit of manipulating heads, likening their science so much, in its usages and effects, to the science of palmistry, together with their uncouth terminology, and the absurd statements which they are continually making, betraying at once

their ignorance and simplicity, can hardly be expected not to excite a smile of pleasantry, or of contempt, in every man of ordinary discernment and information. But if they will betake themselves to their cabinets, and study their science in the modest, unpretending manner, physiologists in general do, instead of perambulating the country, manipulating skulls at so much a piece, or treating their science in a way that encourages the ignorant and designing to do it, they will find the public ceasing to oppose them, and gratefully accepting the fruits of their labors. Let them lay aside their pretensions as system-makers, reformers, revolutionists, and throw into the common mass the facts or principles they discover, and suffer them to go for what they are worth, and, in common with all studious men, they will contribute something to the well-being of the race, and deserve well of Humanity.

Art. V. — The Indians, and our Relations with them.

Within the last few years, the subject of our Indian relations has assumed an importance wholly unfelt at any former period of our history. To a great extent, individual, as well as national feeling, has undergone a decided change. Instead of meditating, or attempting, as formerly, a speedy extinction of the entire aboriginal population of the country, the most laudable and philanthropic efforts are now put forth for its preservation and improvement. Individuals, acting in concert with various societies, appropriately organized under the sanction of the General Government, are laboring with great energy and zeal to advance the moral and intellectual condition of this most singular variety of the human race. What may be done, only the future can make known with absolute

certainty. What has been done, is matter of history. That nearly all efforts, thus far, for the improvement and civilization of our Indian neighbors, have failed, is by no means surprising, when the condition and character of the race are considered.

The North American Indian has traits of character that greatly distinguish him from every other class belonging to the human family. Wherever met with, whether under the genial influences of a southern sun, or among the snow-clad hills of the icy north,— whether sporting upon the waters of the upper lakes, or chasing the buffalo over the vast prairies of the "far west," he is, with slight shades of difference, the same careless, improvident being, living on without an effort to improve his condition, or seemingly caring for the fate of those who shall succeed him. The North American Indian lives for the present. To him the past calls up little or nothing worth remembering. The future presents few bright or ennobling anticipations. What has been, may be again; but whether a worse or a better fate awaits him, does not for a moment disturb his habitual stoicism. Regardless of consequences, he follows the momentary impulses of his wayward soul, hating even unto death, or liking to the verge of his own destruction. With him, revenge for an injury, either real or imaginary, is certain and terrible. Years may intervene,— kind words and kinder offices may pass between him and his intended victim, but nothing can obliterate the remembrance of a wrong received; blood is the only balm; he drinks, and becomes himself again. Hunger will not tame, cold will not rouse him. He endures both with scarcely an effort for relief, or dissipates, at a sitting, the fruits of a successful chase, against the clearest probability that his wants for the morrow will then be supplied. Improvidence is his birthright, and privation his companion. He glories in the one, and disregards the admonitions of the other. He would not exchange his hut for a palace, nor his wild domain for a cultivated empire. And yet, the North American

Indian is not without many of the higher and nobler attributes of the human soul. He is patient under the severest privation, hospitable to all who meet him on terms of friendship and equality; mindful of favors received, and magnanimous according to his own interpretation of personal honor. The sufferings of death he holds in contempt, and redeems the faith of a promise, even at the expense of his own life. With the hungry he will divide his last morsel, and into the sanctity of his hut receive the wanderer and the outcast. If his hates are terrible, his likes are not less strong and enduring. He is rarely the first aggressor, and as rarely deserts a personal benefactor. If the good of his clan seems to require the sacrifice, he will die without a murmur. He will take the life of another, without scruple, when the same necessity apparently demands it.

Such was the North American Indian, when the Anglo-Saxon first set foot upon his wilderness empire. Such he now is, where not debased by the vices of civilization. Two hundred years ago, he was lord and master of a mighty continent. To-day, he is but a tenant at will, begging a patch of earth in which to lay his bones.

With the landing of the white man, commenced the declension of aboriginal supremacy in the new world. The greater numerical strength of the wandering tribes, was no match for the well-trained, highly cultivated intruders, who sought a home and a habitation at their side. They saw the disparity existing between themselves and the new comers, but felt no inferiority, till it was too late to oppose a destiny which their apathy and ignorance had rendered inevitable. When physical force would have availed, they were quiescent; when they did resort to it, the hour for success had forever passed away. The emigrants had secured a footing. The small, scattered bands of Anglo-Saxon origin, — which, a few years before, had begged corn of their Indian neighbors, for immediate subsistence, — had become a powerful people, rich in

everything but the luxuries of the old world. The splendid war talents of an Opechancanough and a Phillip, failed them in the hour of their greatest need; and they, who, a few years before, could have easily annihilated the intruders, perished in successive struggles, only inglorious because they were unsuccessful.

The right of discoverers and emigrants to appropriate exclusively to their own use, large portions of the territory, occupied at the time by the aboriginal race, has been often debated, and the decisions of the question are scarcely less numerous than the individuals who have attempted its equitable adjudication. At present, it is rather a speculative, than a practical question. The die is cast. We are now in possession of the soil. The original occupants have either melted, or are melting away, before the tide of civilization and improvement. The extinct tribe; the primitive forest; the deer, the bear, and the wolf; the unbroken sod; the wild glen, and the unobstructed waterfall, will not again spring into existence at our bidding. These races and things are passing away. We may lament, but can we stay the destiny which threatens them? With the indigenous race, unquestionably lies the abstract right of ownership. This was generally acknowledged, in theory at least, though by no means always heeded in practice. Large portions of territory were often acquired by conquest, but much larger by purchase or gift. That the intruders often drove bargains more advantageous to themselves, than beneficial to the original occupants, is indeed more than probable. They were the superior race. They saw more clearly, and farther into futurity, and understood better the vast resources of the earth, than the uncultivated tribes with whom they contracted. It was then, as now; the enlightened Caucasian was more than a match for the wandering savage. The former is far-sighted, the latter content with the fulness of the present moment. The one labors for himself, and for all coming time; the other seeks only

his own good — his own gratification. It is, also, in the order of God's providence that the earth shall be subdued, shall be peopled by a *progressive* race. The vast capacities of the human soul cannot be expanded and perfected among wandering tribes of naked, starving barbarians. Mind is to triumph over matter. The physical, must yield to the intellectual man.

"Shall," said John Quincy Adams, in an address in commemoration of the landing of the Pilgrims, at Plymouth, delivered in 1802, "shall the liberal bounties of Providence to the race of man be monopolized by one of a thousand for whom they were created? Shall the exuberant bosom of the common mother, amply adequate to the nourishment of millions, be claimed exclusively by a few hundreds of her offspring? Shall the lordly savage not only disdain the virtues and enjoyments of civilization himself, but shall he control the civilization of the world? Shall he forbid the wilderness to blossom like the rose? Shall he forbid the oaks of the forest to fall before the axe of industry, and rise again, transformed into the habitations of ease and elegance? Shall he doom an immense region of the globe to perpetual desolation, and to hear the howling of the tiger and the wolf silence forever the voice of human gladness? Shall the hills and valleys, which a beneficent God has formed to teem with the life of innumerable multitudes, be condemned to everlasting barrenness? Shall the mighty rivers, poured out by the hands of nature, as channels of communication between numerous nations, roll their waters in sullen silence and eternal solitude to the deep? Have hundreds of commodious harbors, a thousand leagues of coast, and a boundless ocean, been spread in front of this land, and shall every purpose of utility to which they could apply, be prohibited by the tenant of the woods?" No, generous philanthropists! Heaven has not thus placed at irreconcilable strife, its moral laws with its physical creation!"

We would not be understood as advocating the monstrous doctrine, that, because the American Indian will not, at once, cultivate and improve the soil, he ought, therefore, to be hunted down and swept from the face of the earth. God forbid that we should thus feel towards any of the children of men, however degraded, however lowly sunk in the scale of Humanity. We have better thoughts, and higher hopes. We

would make him a new being. We would mould him to a new destiny; not under the lash, nor at the point of the bayonet, but by a course of treatment suited to his peculiar nature, — to his peculiar wants. That he has been often cheated, oppressed, insulted, by individuals, and sometimes by governments, none, acquainted with the history of his wretchedness for the last two hundred years, will have the hardihood to deny. Our offers of mercy have often followed our infliction of outrage and wrong. His good has been consulted too often, only after our robbery of his home, his country, his self-respect. We have too often reduced him to dependence and beggary; held him up as an object of scorn; treated him as an outcast, driven him from the haunts of his childhood, and from the graves of his kindred. Much of this treatment, undoubtedly, resulted from circumstances over which neither party had any control. The two races differ as widely as two varieties of the same species can well be imagined to differ. The one is cultivated, laborious, and highly progressive; the other ignorant, idle, and stationary. They have few things in common but their animal wants, and these being sought after in opposite modes, the existence of the two becomes incompatible in the same community. In this state of things, mutual wrong begets mutual strife, and previous aggression was forgotten in subsequent outrage. Unconditional submission, or entire extermination, became the end and aim of the two races, and while the contest was raging, humanity was dumb, or only spoke in inaudible whispers.

From the first moment of discovery, our connexion with the Indian race has been one of trial and perplexity. The assumption, on the part of discoverers, to right of soil, necessarily implied, in some sense, the right of jurisdiction over it; and with the exercise of this right, arose the first great difficulties between the two races. It was not, at first, within the scope of an Indian mind to conceive it possible that a few hundreds of poor men and women would ever become

either troublesome or dangerous neighbors; and more difficult was it for him to conceive it possible, that the illimitable forests, through which he was wont to range in pursuit of game, would ever disappear before the hand of industry. He had nothing with which to compare such a result. He felt, therefore, at first, no great reluctance at parting with small portions of territory, for the exclusive use and benefit of the soliciting emigrants. But when these hundreds became thousands, when the demands for additional concessions of territory were, from time to time, repeated, the Indian could not fail to see that every successive grant was circumscribing, more and more, his own accustomed range, and farther restricting his own necessary means of subsistence. He became alarmed, and appealed sometimes to the hatchet, at others, to the humanity of the intruders, for that justice which fate or fortune seemed to deny him. Attempts, amicably to adjust differences between the two races, early led to the practice of treating with the Indians, as with other foreign, independent powers, modified by certain rights, asserted by the whites, and sanctioned by the practice of every nation under like or similar circumstances. The most important of these rights was a right in the soil, arising from discovery. This right is recognised by all civilized nations, and enforced whenever and wherever settlements are made on lands, over which barbarians merely range in pursuit of game. Judge Marshall says:

"All the nations of Europe, who have acquired territory on this continent, have asserted in themselves, and have recognised in others, the exclusive right of the discoverer to appropriate the lands occupied by the Indians."

And in 8th Wheaton, p. 573, it is observed:

"Discovery gave title to the government by whose subjects, or by whose authority, it was made, against all other European governments, which title might be consummated by possession."

Judge Story remarks:

"It may be asked, what was the effect of this principle of

discovery, in respect to the right of the natives themselves? In the view of Europeans, it created a peculiar relation between themselves and the aboriginal inhabitants. The latter were admitted to possess a present right of occupancy, or use in the soil, which was subordinate to the ultimate dominion of the discoverer. * * * * * But, notwithstanding this occupancy, the European discoverers claimed and exercised the right to grant the soil, while yet in the possession of the natives, subject, however, to their right of occupancy; and the title so granted was universally admitted to convey a sufficient title in the soil to the grantees in perfect dominion."

Judge McLean says:

"At no time has the sovereignty of the country been recognised as existing in the Indians, but they have always been admitted to possess many of the attributes of sovereignty. * * * Their right of occupancy has never been questioned, but the fee in the soil has been considered in the government."

Chancellor Kent says:

"This assumed but qualified dominion over the Indian tribes, regarding them as enjoying no higher title to the soil than that founded on simple occupancy, and to be incompetent to transfer their title to any other power than the government which claims the jurisdiction of their territory by right of discovery, arose, in a great degree, from the necessity of the case. * * * * It is established by numerous compacts, treaties, laws, and ordinances, and founded in immemorial usage. The country has been colonized and settled, and it is now held by that title. It is the law of the land, and no court of justice can permit the right to be disturbed by speculative reasonings or abstract rights."

At the treaty of Ghent, in 1815, between the United States and Great Britain, the British Government endeavored so to frame a portion of the treaty relating to the Indian tribes, as to recognise them as independent nations. This, the American Ministers objected to, and, among other things, say:

"The United States claim, of right, with respect to all European nations, and particularly with respect to Great Britain, the entire sovereignty over the whole territory, and all the persons embraced within the boundaries of their dominions.

* * * * With respect to her, and all other foreign nations, they are parts of a whole, of which the United States are sole and absolute sovereigns."

These extracts are important. They show us the extent of jurisdiction claimed and exercised by the United States, over the Indian tribes, and the right of the aborigines, independent of the United States. The right claimed and exercised is one thing, its abstract justice another. But, as Chancellor Kent observes, the system "arose, in a great degree, from the necessity of the case," and cannot now be disturbed. It is the settled law of the land, and our dealings with the native tribes must conform to it. Whether a better system could have been adopted, it is now idle to inquire. Time and wisdom have given it their sanction, and nothing short of revolution can change it. But this assumed right of holding the Indians as dependents, and treating them as such, did not originate with the government of the United States. The colonial authorities exercised it long before any national form of government was conceived of in the new world. In fact, the practice is as old as the oldest of the Anglo-Saxon settlements on the continent. The colonial assembly of Massachusetts, in 1633, enacted that *only* the lands improved and inhabited by the Indians, should belong to them; and that all other "lands and plantations shall be accounted the *just* right of the English." Virginia, in 1658, asserted and exercised the same power over the Indian territory, within her colonial limits. In 1663, the colony of Rhode Island extended her jurisdiction over the Indian tribes, as well as all the lands within the boundaries of her royal charter, by forbidding "any person or persons to purchase any lands or islands within the colony, of or from the native Indians, upon the penalty of forfeiting all such lands or islands, so purchased, to the colony." And in 1696, it was enacted by the same colonial assembly, that no Indians or Negroes, bond or free, should be out after nine o' clock, without a certificate from some white inhabitant, "responsible

for their good conduct." In 1672, the colonial legislature of Connecticut enacted, "That no Indian or Indians shall, at any time, powow, or perform outward worship, to false gods, or to the Devil, within this colony, on pain of forfeiting the sum of *five pounds* to the public treasury, for every time any Indian or Indians shall be convicted of performing the same." The same act also provides, that if any Indian shall murder a white man, he shall suffer death, *under the laws of the Colony.* In addition to all this, one of the commands of the famous code, known as the "blue laws," is in the following words:

"The inhabitants of this colony are commanded to abstain from all *cheating*, and are enjoined to pursue the strictest integrity and honesty in all their dealings — *except with the Indians.*"

At this day we may smile, if we will, at the *morality* contained in this enactment, but in one sense it was rather honorable to the old law-makers in the land of "steady habits" than otherwise. They dared to express, by implication, what every other colony practised without the sanction of law!

In 1717, the Legislature of Connecticut enacted "that no title to any lands in this colony can accrue by any purchase made of Indians, on *pretence* of their being native proprietors thereof, without the allowance and approbation of this assembly." In 1700, the colony of Pennsylvania enacted, "That if any person presume to buy any lands of any natives within the limits of this Province and territories, without leave from the proprietors thereof, every such bargain of purchase shall be void and of no effect." And so early as 1710, Maryland extended her jurisdiction over the whole Indian territory within her colonial limits. North Carolina did the same in 1715; New Hampshire in 1716, and South Carolina in 1739. The enactments of these last enumerated Colonies were couched in nearly the same language, — lands were

not to be purchased of the Indians, except by the king of Great Britain, or the colonial governments.

We have been thus particular, perhaps tedious, because the facts, which the above quotations disclose, are important to a just understanding of what we propose further to say on this subject. It is clearly seen that, anterior to the Revolution, all the colonies above enumerated assumed the right of subjecting, to their own independent legislation, the Indian tribes within their respective limits. The *justice* of this assumption we do not propose to discuss. The practice under it was universal, and if an error, it was an error common to all the independent communities then known to assemble under any form of government, within the limits of the present United States. It is not pretended that the aborigines were not *permitted* to regulate their own internal affairs, in their own way, when, by so doing, they did not interfere with the general sovereignty of the whites. They were so permitted, and the numerous treaties, bargains, and compacts made with them, show conclusively, that, to some extent, they were regarded as independent nations; but it is plain they were only so considered, while pursuing a course not in conflict with the power, pride, or interest of their civilized neighbors. The true state of this question, setting aside the justice of the assumption, was very fairly stated by Mr. Stuart, British Superintendent of Indian Affairs, in a speech delivered at Mobile, in 1763. Addressing himself to the Indians then present, Mr. Stuart says:

"I inform you that it is the king's order to all his governors and subjects, to treat the Indians with justice and humanity, and to forbear all encroachments on the territories allotted to them; accordingly, all individuals are prohibited from purchasing any of your lands; *but, as you know that as your white brethren cannot feed you when you visit them, unless you give them land to plant, it is expected that you will cede lands to the king for that purpose.*"

This, it must be admitted, was a *cheap* mode of procuring lands. The people were prohibited from

purchasing, but then it was expected the Indians would cede all that might be asked for, in order merely, that when on a visit to their *generous* neighbors, these "poor Indians" should not starve to death! It shows, however, what was the practice of the English nation with their red brethren, in relation to this subject. Like our colonial fathers, they were for securing any quantity of land needed, at the cheapest possible rate; and if falsehood was found a better coin than a string of beads, there seems to have been no difficulty in procuring any amount of this irredeemable currency, even among a people proverbial for their reverence of holy things! We would not, however, be too severe upon our venerable fathers. We would permit them, with Chancellor Kent, to take shelter under "the necessity of the case," and quietly to rest in their graves until the resurrection.

But it is time to turn our attention to the character and extent of our relations with the Indians within the limits of the United States, since the establishment of our National form of Government. If, during this period, the results of our efforts have not been so successful as were desired and expected, we have, at least, the satisfaction of knowing that, as a nation, our intercourse with them has been marked by honest desires, noble aims, and generous feelings. No former government ever attempted so much. From the moment of its organization to the present time, the whole policy of the United States, in relation to the aboriginal population of the country, bears the living impress of Christian philanthropy, and lofty devotion to the interests and welfare of this most unfortunate people. From a report made by Mr. Leake, Chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs, in the Senate of the United States, April 5, 1820, we gather the following facts: From 1775 to 1786, our Indian relations were regulated by the agencies of Commissioners, who executed, under the direction of Congress, such arrangements as were, from time to time, deemed best by that body to be adopted, and pursued such a course

of policy as was thought best calculated to promote the peace of the frontiers, and the welfare of the Indians. Originally, the Indians were divided into three departments: the northern, middle, and southern. Five Commissioners were appointed for the southern department, and two for the middle and northern. On the 20th of April, 1776, it was resolved by Congress, "that no traders ought to go into the Indian country without license from the agent in the department, and that care be taken by him to prevent exorbitant prices for goods being exacted from the Indians." Measures were adopted, also, in the same year, though on a limited scale, for the introduction, amongst some of the tribes, of civilization and Christianity; and the acts of those earlier times are characterized with kindness, and a solicitude for the welfare of the Indians.

In 1786, Congress passed an ordinance for the regulation of Indian affairs. Two departments only were authorized, the northern and southern; and to each of these was attached a superintendent, with appropriate powers to attend to the execution of such regulations as Congress should, from time to time, adopt. Under this new system, none but citizens of the United States were permitted to reside among the Indian nations, within the territory of the United States, and none to trade with them, without first having obtained a license therefor. The details of this ordinance were numerous and rigid, and yet, it by no means answered the designs of the government. All manner of frauds were practised under it, notwithstanding its apparent salutary precautions; and, in 1796, a new act of organization was passed, and an appropriation of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars made to carry it into effect. The system provided for supplying the Indians with all necessary and useful articles, at such rates as would preserve the capital from diminution. In 1806, a superintendent of Indian trade was authorized to be appointed, and the capital of the system increased to two hundred and sixty

thousand dollars. In 1811, the capital was increased to three hundred thousand dollars, and upwards of nineteen thousand dollars annually appropriated to defray current expenses.

From the above facts, it will be seen how promptly the government of the United States undertook, after its organization, the improvement of the Indian tribes within its territorial limits. Whatever outrages individuals or small political communities may have been guilty of, previous to the establishment of our present constitutional form of government, not a solitary act of oppression towards the indigenous tribes can be traced to any enactments emanating from the Congress of the United States. At the very commencement of open hostilities between the mother country and the American colonies, the provisional government of the Republic promptly took measures to prevent the Indian tribes from embarking on either side in the then approaching contest. On the 30th of June, 1775, Congress resolved, —

"That the Committee of Indian Affairs do prepare proper Talks to the several tribes of Indians, for engaging the continuance of their friendship to us, and *neutrality* in our present unhappy dispute with Great Britain."

On the 17th of July following, it was farther resolved, —

"That it should be recommended to the Commissioners of the northern department, to employ Mr. Kirkland among the Indians of the Six Nations, in order to secure their friendship, and to continue them in a state of *neutrality* with respect to the present controversy between Great Britain and the Colonies."

In 1776, other resolves on the subject of our Indian relations were passed, among which we find the following:

"Resolved, That a friendly commerce between the people of the United Colonies and the Indians, and the propagation of the Gospel, and the cultivation of the civil arts, among the latter, may produce many and inestimable advantages to both,

and that the commissioners for Indian affairs be desired to consider of proper places, in their respective departments, for the residence of ministers and schoolmasters, and report the same to Congress."

We see here, even at this early period of our national existence, our patriot fathers devising means to send among the scattered tribes the arts of civilization and religious instruction. We challenge any Englishman, or any admirer of *English* philanthropy, to show that the British Parliament, during its whole intercourse with the Indian race, from the first peopling of the country to the commencement of the Revolutionary war, attempted so much for their welfare as was proposed in the three resolves above quoted ; and this was done, it must be recollected, in the midst of troubles threatening the very existence of those most conspicuous in this great work of Christian philanthropy. It is truly disgusting to read the taunts and strictures of British reviewers and English travellers on the subject of our treatment of the Indian race. A rebuke from those who, during nearly a century and a half, had it in their power, at least to *attempt* something for the improvement of this people, yet did nothing but cheat, rob, and employ them to fight the enemies of England, would be galling and insupportable, were it not for the unblushing falsehood and base hypocrisy, which, in every instance, accompany their ridiculous charges. If any people on earth have maltreated and degraded the Indian population of North America, it is the English. They have, at all times, and without scruple, used them as whips with which to scourge their own enemies ; and when the work of vengeance was over, when their own ends were attained, they cast them off, broken in spirit, naked and sick, with the same indifference that an old musket is discarded by the same people. We have no hesitation in saying, that the British government is justly chargeable with much of the misery endured by the Indian race, from 1775 to the present moment. It was the British government which opposed their

neutrality in the war of the Revolution; — it was the same government which led them into the field against the Americans, in 1812; and it was the British government, through her well-paid agents, which kindled up, and kept alive in their benighted souls, that feeling of deep hostility, against which we have been compelled to war, from time to time, during the last twenty years.

On the other hand, it has been the invariable practice of the American government, if possible, to persuade the Indian tribes to stand aloof, in all contests between ourselves and other independent powers. The Indian commissioners, at the commencement of the Revolution, were instructed to use their best exertions to dissuade the Indians from taking any part in the expected contest between the two countries. Previous to the rupture of 1812, the same instructions were given to the commissioners, and the same exertions used to induce them to observe a neutral attitude. Our want of success in the attempt is no reproach to us. Had our exertions been promptly seconded by the agents of the British government, the result, in all human probability, would have been most fortunate for thousands of the Indian race, who took part in the two contests referred to. They had nothing to gain, even had the English succeeded. As it was, they lost everything but the anxious wishes of the American government still to render them a happy and a prosperous people. For this purpose, the plan of intercourse, already noticed, was pursued with all the energy and care which the importance of the subject, and the hopes of the benevolent, seemed to demand. No expense, on the part of the government, was suffered to arrest or check the entire operation of the system. Some of the best talent of the country was engaged in carrying it forward; and, for a time, strong hopes were entertained that the philanthropic efforts of the government would be successful. Many, however, from the commencement, entertained strong doubts as to the feasibility of improving the aboriginal

race, while they were surrounded by, and in immediate contact with, a people in everything their superiors. Besides, their political and civil condition was not well defined. The States, it is true, on the adoption of the constitution, relinquished their control over the Indian tribes within their respective limits, except inconsiderable remnants in the older states; still there were grounds for differences of opinion as to the extent of the control contemplated in this grant of power. The important question, whether they were to be regarded as *foreign* nations, and treated with as such, seems never to have been clearly settled. Unpleasant collisions between some of the States and the indigenous tribes within their territorial limits, were greatly feared, and, in fact, have since occurred; and above all, it was clearly seen, that whatever merits the then existing system of intercourse possessed, it lacked the essential one of elevating and improving the condition of the race. Under its operation, tribe after tribe gradually dwindled away; and it became apparent that some other course must be adopted, would we preserve a remnant of this once powerful people. Impressed with this idea, Mr. Crawford, Secretary of War, in 1816, in a report on our Indian affairs, observed:

"If the system already devised has not produced all the effects which were expected from it, new experiments ought to be made. When every effort to introduce among them (the Indians) ideas of separate property, as well in things real as personal, shall fail, let *intermarriages* between them and the whites be encouraged by the government. This cannot fail to preserve the race, with the modifications necessary to the enjoyment of civil liberty and social happiness."

This idea was not original with Mr. Crawford. Patrick Henry, years before this, advocated the same plan, and more recently, Mr. Bouldin, of Virginia, referred to it, in the Congress of the United States, in terms of approbation. Whatever merits it possesses on the score of humanity, there are objections to it so serious as to prevent its adoption on a scale sufficient-

ly extensive to effect the object proposed. We have, indeed, no objections to the amalgamation of individuals in this way, providing the thing be brought about in obedience to the high behests of the blind god; but to grant a bounty for the ingress of a mixed posterity, at the moral and intellectual expense of a race able and willing to people the republic, without resort to foreign competition, is a proposition too revolting to be entertained for a single moment. Could it be effected, the result would be, to all intents and purposes, extermination. The Indian race, greatly inferior in numbers when compared with the Anglo-American, would, in a few centuries, be entirely swallowed up in the dominant party, and every distinctive mark of its original character nearly obliterated. The resulting compound from a union of races so unlike, would be a class, probably, not materially better than the present aboriginal population. We had better, therefore, grapple with the savage as he is, than encounter a race, of the exact character of which, in the mass, we have no precise conceptions.

The failure of the system of 1786, subsequently several times modified, but still remaining essentially the same, suggested the necessity of adopting some other plan for the preservation of the Indian race. That of collecting the remaining tribes upon a territory, secured to them and their posterity forever, seemed to promise the fairest hopes of success. The idea was first suggested by Mr. Jefferson, and subsequently entertained and developed to some extent by several succeeding administrations. The plan, however, was not fully laid before the people, till the commencement of General Jackson's administration, in 1829. The war of 1812, and the troubles with the Indian tribes for some years after, growing out of that contest, prevented the Federal Government from carrying into operation its humane intention of securing a home and a country to the scattered remnants of the Indian race. Something, however, was done during the administrations of Mr. Monroe and Mr.

Adams. The plan of removal was much agitated, and very generally approved. In 1826, the "*project* of a bill for the preservation and civilization of the Indian tribes within the United States" was, at the request of the Committee of Indian Affairs, furnished by Mr. Barbour, then Secretary of War. The following are the main features of the bill, as stated in the Congressional journals of that day:

"First. The country west of the Mississippi, and beyond the States and Territories, and so much on the east of the Mississippi as lies west of lakes Huron and Michigan, is to be set apart for their exclusive abode.

"Secondly. Their removal by individuals, in contradistinction to tribes.

"Thirdly. A Territorial government to be maintained by the United States.

"Fourthly. If circumstances shall eventually justify it, the extinction of tribes, and their amalgamation into one mass, and a distribution of property among the individuals.

"Fifthly. It leaves the condition of those that remain unaltered."

Though there appears to have been no decisive action on this *projected* bill, it did something. It called public attention to a subject every moment growing more important, because becoming more difficult of adjudication. It was clearly seen that, within the limits of the United States, the Indian race would find, as an independent people, no permanent resting place. Removal or annihilation were the only alternatives. The former, probably, would have been at once agreed on, but for a violent civil collision, which, about this time, occurred between the State of Georgia and the Cherokee tribe of Indians, residing within the limits of that State. We feel bound to refer to the principal facts connected with this celebrated controversy, because they do not appear to be generally understood, and because it is due to the State of Georgia, as well as to the Federal Government, that no erroneous impressions remain in the

public mind, injuriously affecting the good faith and honest intentions of either.

By reference to the ancient records of Georgia, it appears that, in 1763, her limits were defined to extend from the Savannah to the St. Mary's, and inland, from the 31st to the 35th degrees of north latitude, and from the Atlantic Ocean to the Mississippi." On the revision of her constitution, in 1798, a provision was inserted, authorizing the cession of a large portion of her territory to the United States, and the boundary was indicated beyond which such cession might be made. Four years after this, viz. in 1802, a compact was entered into between the United States and the State of Georgia, and the lands, beyond the limits defined in the new constitution, agreeably to stipulations contained in this compact, were made over to the United States. The amount of territory conveyed somewhat exceeded one hundred thousand square miles, now embraced in the States of Alabama and Mississippi. In consideration of this cession, the general government stipulated to pay to the State of Georgia the sum of $1,250,000, and, what was of more importance to her, it was agreed,

"*That the United States should, at their own expense, extinguish, for the use of Georgia, as early as the same can be peaceably obtained, on reasonable terms, the Indian title to lands within the State of Georgia.*"

With the right of the parties to enter into such a compact we have nothing to do. It was in strict accordance with the practice of the times, and had the sanction of numerous precedents under all governments which had preceded that of the United States. It was no more an assumption than was the planting of the first European foot, without leave, upon the soil of the new world. When the compact was entered into, it became binding on the parties making it. And as the United States entered at once into all the enjoyments secured by its provisions, Georgia, in turn, had a right to expect an early compliance with its

stipulations on the part of the General Government. In whatever light, therefore, we may regard the question of abstract right, it was one, in the language of Chancellor Kent, not "to be disturbed by speculative reasonings." Interruptions, however, in our friendly intercourse with foreign nations, occurred soon after the stipulations referred to were agreed upon and signed by the contracting parties, which prevented the United States from fulfilling her part of the agreement with the State of Georgia. In the mean time, the Cherokees were making considerable advances in civilization, and becoming more and more attached to the land of their fathers. A large fragment of their tribe, it is true, — those most strongly attached to the hunter state, — had availed itself of the offers of the Government, and removed to the west bank of the Mississippi; but the majority was for permanently establishing itself within the limits of the State of Georgia. Accordingly, in the summer of 1827, a council of delegates, chosen by the Cherokee nation, met and adopted a constitution, in which they declared themselves to be a "*permanent, independent sovereignty.*" The amount of territory, over which the new constitution claimed jurisdiction, exceeded four and a half million acres. Here was a government within a government, — *imperium in imperio*, — a condition or state of things not to be tolerated for a single moment. Georgia was either entitled to her whole territory, or none at all. The treaty of 1783 declared her, in common with the other twelve colonies, a free, sovereign, and independent State. The compact of 1802, had defined her territorial limits, and the constitution of the United States declares that "*no new State shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other State.*" Previous to the adoption of the Cherokee constitution, the right of temporary occupancy was never denied by Georgia to the Indians within her borders. In the celebrated Cherokee case, Samuel A. Worcester *vs.* The State of Georgia, Judge McLean says:

"The exercise of the power of self-government, by the Indians within a State, is undoubtedly contemplated to be *temporary*. This is shown by the settled policy of the government, in the extinguishment of their title, and *especially by the compact with the State of Georgia.* It is a question not of abstract right, but of public policy. I do not mean to say that the same moral rule, which should regulate the affairs of private life, should not be regarded by communities or nations. But, a sound national policy does require, that the Indian tribes within our states should exchange their territories, upon equitable principles, or eventually consent to become amalgamated in our political communities."

The State of Georgia, taking precisely this view of the question, felt herself bound, after the last great movement of the Cherokees, referred to above, to extend her jurisdiction over her whole territory, including that portion occupied by the Indians. This brought the two powers in direct collision, and produced a legislative and judicial warfare, which only ended with the treaty of 1835.

In the year 1831, the Cherokee nation appeared in the Supreme Court of the United States, and moved for a writ of injunction to restrain the State of Georgia from the execution of certain laws of that State, which, as alleged, went to annihilate the Cherokees as a political society. This application was made to the court on the assumption that the Cherokees were a *foreign* nation. After a careful examination of the question, Chief Justice Marshall delivered the opinion of the court as follows:

"The Court has bestowed its best attention on this question, and, after mature deliberation, the majority is of opinion that an Indian tribe or nation, within the United States, is not a *foreign* State, in the sense of the Constitution, and cannot maintain an action in the courts of the United States."

Again, says the Chief Justice:

"The bill requires us to control the legislation of Georgia, and to restrain the execution of its physical force. The propriety of such an interposition, by the Court, may be well

questioned. It savors too much of exercise of political power, to be within the province of the Judicial Department."

The motion for an injunction was denied. This decision *legally* settled one question; "an Indian tribe or nation, within the United States, is not a *foreign* nation, in the sense of the constitution." The Chief Justice elsewhere denominates them "*Domestic dependent nations*," — a definition, to the correctness of which, we believe, all will readily subscribe. In deciding that an Indian tribe was not a *foreign* nation, the Chief Justice also decided that the Supreme Court had not jurisdiction of the case; yet, unaccountable as it may seem, one year after, this same Court, in the case of Samuel A. Worcester *vs.* The State of Georgia, claimed jurisdiction, and undertook "to control the legislation of Georgia." We are aware of the fine spun distinction attempted to be drawn between the two cases, and the immense amount of special pleading, resorted to by the Court, to sustain itself in the exercise of this new power; but we frankly confess ourselves wholly unable to understand the validity of the distinction, or the justice of the decision. Worcester was imprisoned for residing, contrary to an express law of Georgia, within the limits of the Cherokee country. When the case, upon a writ of error, came before the United States Court, this Court claimed jurisdiction. In 1831, it totally refused to interfere with the legislation of Georgia, on the ground that the Indians were not a foreign nation, within the meaning of the constitution; and further, that such interposition would "savor too much of exercise of political power." The Court decided against the State of Georgia, but the latter disregarded the mandate which followed, and Worcester remained in prison till liberated upon his compliance with certain terms offered him on the day of his incarceration. Thus ended the "celebrated Cherokee Case."

That the power exercised by Georgia was legitimate, can hardly admit of question. She did, as we have

shown, only what every other original State had done before her. General Jackson, in his first message to Congress, referring to the condition of things then existing in relation to this subject, says:

"Georgia became a member of the confederacy which eventuated in our federal union, as a sovereign State, always asserting her claim to certain limits; which, having been originally defined in her colonial charter, and subsequently recognised in the treaty of peace, she has ever since continued to enjoy, except as they have been circumscribed by her own voluntary transfer of a portion of her territory to the United States, in the articles of cession of 1802. Alabama was admitted into the union on the same footing with the original States, with boundaries which were prescribed by Congress. There is no constitutional, conventional, or legal provision, which allows them less power over the Indians within their borders, than is possessed by Maine or New York. Would the people of Maine permit the Penobscot tribe to erect an independent government within their State? * * Would the people of New York permit each remnant of the Six Nations within her borders to declare itself an independent people under the protection of the United States? Could the Indians establish a separate republic on each of their reservations in Ohio? and if they were so disposed, would it be the duty of the General Government to protect them in the attempt?"

Up to this time, our relations with the Indian tribes had not been made a party question. A feeling of commiseration for the condition of the aboriginal race was general; and all classes, without distinction of party, manifested the most honorable solicitude for their fate. But when General Jackson, in the message from which we have already quoted, urged the justice and necessity of their removal to a territory west of the Mississippi, the question was at once seized on by his political opponents, and for a time every obstacle thrown in the way of its execution, that ingenuity or party malice could devise. The treaty made with the Cherokees in 1835, stipulating for their removal, was pronounced a fraud, and a powerful party in which was included some of the most gifted orators of the day, manifested a zeal in their opposition to the

project, worthy of a better cause. But the energy and personal popularity of the President overcame all difficulties. The plan was finally agreed to, and the means for effecting it secured by legislative enactments, not less just to the Indian tribes than honorable to the General Government.

What, then, under the present system, are the prospects of the aboriginal race? Can it survive the changes which its new condition imposes, or will it continue to dwindle away, and finally vanish from the face of the earth? To the philanthropist this question is intensely interesting, but it is one in the present condition of things to which no perfectly satisfactory answer can be given. We confess our hopes are strong. We have seen something of the Indian, — know something of his capabilities, and have reflected much on his singular nature. In the midst of the Anglo-American race he cannot exist. All history shows that while living in the bosom of a civilized community, he will rather adopt its vices than imbibe its virtues. It seems to be a settled principle of our earthly being, that no two distinct varieties of the human family, — the one a superior and the other an inferior race, — can exist on terms of equality in the same community. The inferior caste will either pass into a state of menial servitude, or be exterminated by their more enlightened neighbors. This position, if true, we are aware, may affect more than one variety of the race of man, at present existing within the limits of the United States. It is not our purpose, however, to discuss the full extent of its bearing in this place. If it be applicable to the race under consideration, it is sufficient. We reject entirely the opinion of Don Juan Galindo, contained in the last published volume of the American Antiquarian Society, that "the American Indian has arrived at a decrepit old age," and "is now in the last centuries of his existence;" we regard the idea in the light rather of an ingenious conceit, than a sober truth. Since the discovery of the continent, the Indian race has been denied every fair facility of

permanent improvement. In making this statement, we are not unmindful of the labors of Eliot, Williams, and other Christian philanthropists, who devoted their lives to the cause of holiness among the wandering tribes of the forest. But what could they do when the demon of avarice was stalking over the earth, incessantly demanding more land, and always selecting that patch pressed at the moment by the foot of a red skin? We gave them no resting place. How then could they become civilized? Under existing circumstances, would we preserve our Indian neighbors, they must be schooled in the arts of civilization beyond the limits of the present United States. There, under a system of education such as their peculiar character may require, and a code of laws adapted to the new condition in which they are placed, it is more than probable they will emerge from their present state of ignorance and degradation, and take rank with their present enlightened benefactors. There is nothing utopian in this supposition. Other portions of the human race, now among the most enlightened on the face of the earth, have undergone changes not less surprising than those we suppose may happen to the Indian race. Under like, or similar, circumstances, what has been, may be again.

In conclusion, let us glance at their new home, and their present condition, as exhibited in late reports from the commissioner of our Indian Affairs. The country selected for the future residence of this people lies west of the Mississippi, and beyond the limits of any State or Territory. It is about six hundred miles long from north to south, extending from the Missouri to Red Rivers, and running westwardly as far as the country is habitable, which is estimated to be something over two hundred miles. The soil is represented as being fertile, the country well watered, and the climate healthy. Upon this territory, there were, on the 1st of November, 1838, 81,082 emigrant Indians, and 26,482 more are under treaty stipulations to remove in due time. In this statement is included

the 18,000 Cherokees who were then on their way to join their kindred in their new country. Those, who have not watched the progress of this system, will be astonished at the advances already made by some of the tribes west of the Mississippi. To begin with the Creeks, who are settled in the immediate vicinity of Fort Gibson. This tribe numbers between eighteen and twenty thousand, and, according to the statement of the acting superintendent of the Western Territory, made in December, 1837:

"They dwell in good, comfortable farm houses, have fine gardens, orchards, and raise forty to fifty thousand bushels of corn more than what is sufficient for their own consumption. They furnish large quantities to the commissariat at Fort Gibson annually, and contributed greatly in supplying the late emigrants. They raise, also, more stock than is necessary for their own use, and carry on a considerable trade with the garrison in grain, stock, vegetables, poultry, eggs, fruit, &c. There are several traders located among them, to furnish their wants, — which are as many and various as those of the most comfortable livers of our own citizens. Two of these traders are natives, who do a considerable business, selling eighteen or twenty thousand dollars worth of goods annually."

This is cheering; but let us look at the Cherokees. We will quote from the same agent:

"The number of farms in this nation is estimated at between *ten and eleven hundred.* There are no Cherokees who follow the chase for a living; the nation is divided into farmers, traders, stock-raisers, and laborers. The produce of the farms is corn, oats, potatoes of both kinds, beans, peas, pumpkins, and melons. The great profit of the Cherokee farmer is his corn, his horses, his cattle, and his hogs. Some of the Cherokees have taken and fulfiled contracts for the garrison at Fort Gibson, and for subsisting emigrant Indians, to the amount of forty to sixty thousand dollars, without purchasing any articles except in the Indian country. At the grand saline on the river Neosho, forty miles above Fort Gibson, they are making eighty bushels of excellent salt per day, for five days in the week; but the manufacture is carried on at considerable expense for labor, fuel, hauling, &c. There are several native traders doing very good business in the nation; one of them is doing an

extensive business, *and owns a fine steamboat, that plies between New Orleans and the Cherokee nation.*"

It is further added, "The greater portion of the Cherokees have good and comfortable houses, and live, many of them, as well and as genteel, and, in a pecuniary point of view, will compare with the better class of farmers in the States."

This is still more cheering; but let us turn to the Choctaws. We quote from the report of William Armstrong, agent at the Choctaw station, made in December, 1838:

"The Choctaws are governed by a written constitution and laws; they meet annually in their general council on the first Monday of October. The nation is composed of three districts, each district electing ten counsellors, by the qualified voters of each district — they being every male twenty-one years and upward of age. They have but the representative body, the three chiefs sitting with the veto power upon all laws passed by the council, which, however, when passed by two-thirds becomes a law. They have judges appointed, and officers to enforce the laws, by a jury chosen in the ordinary way. They have, to a great extent, modelled their laws after some of our States, and generally their laws are executed. There is no enforcement for the collection of debts, and whatever trading is done upon credit rests upon the honor of the debtor to pay; and, in most instances, contracts entered into are punctually paid. The Choctaws have passed some wholesome laws against the introduction of spirituous liquor into their country. A large and commodious council house for the nation has just been completed, and occupied, for the first time this year, by the council. The room in which the council meets is large and spacious, sufficiently for the accommodation of all the members, and a railing round, with seats for spectators. There is a separate room adjoining, for each of the three districts, in which their committees meet. They usually remain in council from ten to twenty days, elect a President and Secretary; the strictest order prevails; everything is recorded; and, in fact, it would hardly be credited, but in few deliberative bodies is more order and propriety observed."

Are these facts generally known? We doubt it very much. We doubt whether one in fifty of the American people are aware of the fact, that we have an Indian population rapidly improving in all the arts

of civilization, and growing rich in the good things of this world. We might make many other selections from these reports, equally favorable to the advancement of the aboriginal race; but it is unnecessary. We must, however, say something of their advantages for school education. As all the schools, however, are not within the territory set apart for the residence of the Indians, but scattered over various parts of the country at present occupied by the tribes, we will throw into a tabular form the results of the highly interesting statements which accompanied the last report from the Indian Department:

STATE OF THE SCHOOLS.

Superintendency.	No of Teachers.	No. of pupils.	No. of tribes instructed.
Acting Superintendency of Michigan,	13	149	5
Superintendency of Wisconsin,	20	431	13
Superintendency of St. Louis,	9	74	6
Acting do. of the Western Territory,	9	227	6
Missionary School, Choctaw Nation,	5	123	6
do. do. Cherokee Nation,	3	158	6
Totals, ...	59	1,162	

This is well, but it is not all. The Choctaw Academy is in successful operation, and is a school of great importance to the Indian race. It is under most excellent regulations, and has already turned out many useful men. The following table presents its condition in December, 1838:

CHOCTAW ACADEMY.

Tribes.	Pupils.
Choctaws, ...	60
Pottawatamies, ...	21
Quapaws, ...	2
Miamies, ...	3
Seminoles, ...	6
Creeks, ...	7
Winnebagoes, ...	9
Cherokees, ...	14
Chickasaws, ...	18
Chippewas and Ottawas, ...	11
Total, ...	151

All these schools are more or less under the control of different religious denominations, and most of them have some funds set apart for their support. They are all, unquestionably, doing substantial good, and ought to receive more efficient aid from the United States.

We would say no hard things against those who are zealously laboring to spread the truths of Christianity among the Indian tribes west of the Mississippi. Their motives scarcely bridal severity of remark. But we cannot help thinking that all direct efforts to teach them the peculiar doctrines of Christianity are misplaced, if not absolutely injurious. Can a people, whose thoughts rarely extend beyond the immediate gratification of the senses, be led to embrace doctrines so spiritual and unselfish, without much previous preparation in the arts of civilization, and the laws which regulate society? It seems to us, the agriculturist, the mechanic, and the schoolmaster, are the true pioneers in the great work of Indian civilization. The red man will hold to the religion of his fathers to the last moment. It is sacred duty in the dark recesses of his soul, and will there remain, till thrust away by the power of mental cultivation. Teach the Indian how to live honestly in this world, and he will soon teach himself how to be happy in that which is to come.

Again, we repeat, our hopes are strong, that the North American Indian will yet emerge from his present state of ignorance and barbarism. But we would caution all against expecting too much, and that suddenly. The race has been stationary for centuries. Its peculiar habits and modes of thought are such, therefore, to be broken up and changed in a day. We must expect frequent disappointments, for we have a wayward being to instruct; but perseverance, kindness, and prompt assistance, free from all expectations of pecuniary reward, will, we cannot help thinking, enable us, at last, to triumph, and the Indian to rejoice in a new career of usefulness and glory. Let his

fetters of prejudice and superstition be broken; let the bright, glowing rays of science once penetrate the mental gloom in which the intellect of the Indian is now buried, and a new fountain will be opened, whence will flow living, undying streams of thought, growing broader and deeper through all coming time.

There are several other interesting topics connected with this subject, which it was originally our intention to discuss; but the great, perhaps unreasonable, length to which we have already carried our inquiries, admonishes us that we cannot, at present, in justice, longer trespass on the patience of our readers.

LITERARY NOTICES.

1. *The Ruins of Athens: Tasmir's Banquet, a Mask; and other Poems.* By G. Hill. Boston: Otis, Broaders, & Co. 1839. 8vo. pp. 160. 2. *Geraldine, Rhoda of Damascus, and Miscellaneous Poems.* By Rufus Dawes. New York: Samuel Colman. 1839. 12mo. pp. 244. 3. *Southern Passages and Pictures.* By the Author of "Acadiensis," "The Yemassee," &c. New York: George Adlard. 1839. 12mo. pp. 228. 4. *Wake and other Poems.* By Maria James. With an introduction, by A. Potter, D. D. New York: John S. Taylor. 1839. 12mo. pp. 176. 5. *Hannah, the Mother of Samuel the Prophet and Judge of Israel. A Sacred Drama.* Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1839. 12mo. pp. 94. 6. *Chansons and other Nightes.* By Rev. S. S. Andros. Fall River: William Cheshire & Co. 1838. 8vo. pp. 88. — Here is a list of works, which would seem to justify our poem of gossips, Harriet Martineau, in blessing the Americans in prose as a young poet. The appearance of so many works in the short space of three months, whatever their poetic merit, proves that poetry is a commodity in some demand amongst us, and also that we have made considerable provision for its speedy and ample supply. They indicate, what every one who studies the American character a little profoundly must admit, that we have in our composition a rich vein of poetry; that, notwithstanding our supposed mercenary disposition, and our cold and stoic exterior, we are an imaginative, an enthusiastic people. No people on earth are less satisfied with the actual, or more fond of the ideal. We are, in fact, a living people. There is a fire in our souls, which burns not the less intensely because it emits little smoke or blaze. As soon as we gain sufficient confidence in ourselves to discommode our foolish modesties, and to

dare sing our own "wood notes wild," we shall produce poetry which will "pass into the ages."

We cannot speak in the highest terms of the works we have enumerated. They possess considerable merit. Thay want, however, in general, originality, freedom, elevation, and are a little timid and tame. But this remark must be received with many qualifications. One rarely finds anything offensive in them to good taste or to his moral and religious sentiments; and almost as rarely, anything that arrests the attention, and kindles or exalts the soul.

Mr. Hill's poems are the production of a man of a respectable intellect, of chaste moral feelings, of correct literary taste, and considerable facility in the art of verse making. They would pass well as school exercises, and might please a moderate circle of partial friends. We have read them all without any extraordinary effort, and without finding anything at which to take offence, if also without finding much with which to be greatly pleased. We have found no thought, image, or line, which sticks in the memory.

Mr. Dawes's poems are of a higher order, and of more positive merit. "Geraldine" is a readable production, and contains some passages at which one may even take some offence. As a work of art, it wants symmetry and completeness; but it indicates a good degree of talent in the author, presents him as a man of cultivated mind, as accustomed to reflect, as a little satirical withal, and what is better yet, as having some opinions of his own. We thank God whenever we meet a man who has an opinion, even if it be an erroneous one. "Athenia of Damascus" is a drama of much power. We have read it with more interest than any other American drama which has fallen under our notice. It is creditable to the author, and a valuable contribution to our dramatic literature. The politics of the piece are not to our taste; we have no sympathy with its contempt for the people, and its sneers at the populace; but these things are not out of place in a work written by the Editor of a Whig newspaper, and so we pass them over, as we do the blasphemies of Satan in Paradise Lost. The smaller poems, which make up the rest of the volume, we have not read. The notes to "Geraldine" show that the author makes some pretensions to metaphysics, and that he is an admirer of Swedenborg. We should be obliged to him, if he would point out to us in the writings of Swedenborg the classification of the mental phenomena peculiar, as we had supposed, to M. Cousin, and justify his assertion, that Swedenborg makes the activity the characteristic of the ME, or personality. The followers of Swedenborg are a little too fond of claiming every new discovery in philosophy and science, as a discovery made by their master.

The next work on our list, "Southern Passages and Pictures," though inferior in intellectual vigor to Mr. Dawes's productions, is in our judgment much more genuinely poetical. It contains some true poetry. We like its dreamy, vague, half sentimental spirit. The author looks on nature with the eye of a poet, and sings from his own heart. He reminds us of Bryant, and endears to us the objects and scenes of his poems. We shall be happy to listen to him again.

Miss James, it seems, is a domestic in a wealthy family somewhere in the state of New York. There is nothing remarkable about her. She is a kind, good-hearted, pious woman, but no prodigy, even among domestics, who, by the way, are by no means so destitute of intelligence and genius as we often imagine. "The Young Soldier," the idea of which is taken from La Mennais, is worthy of an American Working Woman. "Sheep-Sorrel," "Old Gray," and "The Broom," indicate some poetic talent and sensibility. Dr. Potter's Introduction is somewhat prosy, but it is sensible and breathes a liberal spirit, for which we thank him.

"Hannah," the fifth work we have enumerated, is by no means an improvement on the sacred narrative it attempts to dramatize. We would suggest to the author, whoever he be, that it is somewhat hazardous to undertake to embellish simple scriptural narratives, and that he had better choose for the future, subjects which shall not bring him into competition with the sacred penmen of the Bible. Hannah More, in her sacred dramas, fell altogether below herself, and was even more stupid than in her Cœlebs in Search of a Wife, or her Tory Tracts.

"Chocorua and other Sketches" are the productions of an excellent young man, from whom we look for better things. We discover in them a pure heart, and an aspiring mind, and the promise of a poet.

We have now discharged our debt to our rhyming friends. We have not flattered them; but they probably know more about poetry than we do, and, we advise them, if they do not like our judgment, to abide by their own.

Carl Werner and other Tales. By the author of "The Yemassee," &c. New York: George Adlard. 1838. 2 vols. 12mo. — These Tales are written with considerable power, and contain many passages of great beauty. They breathe a mild and Christian spirit, and give us a high idea of the moral and religious sentiments, as well as of the genius of the author. The author makes free use of the supernatural, and introduces a little more German *diablerie* than comports with our taste. The chuckle of the Devil is rather too frequent, and occasionally becomes offensive, almost disgusting. There is no doubt a strong element of human nature which delights in the supernatural, and even in *demonism*, but it will not bear to be appealed to very frequently. Ghosts, witches, and devils are not held in so high a repute as formerly, and are not, we believe, at present furnished with the *entrée* of "good society." It will be well for authors to bear this in mind.

The Authenticity of the New Testament. Translated from the French of J. E. Cellériere, Jr. By A Sunday School Teacher. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1838. 12mo. — We have no acquaintance with the original work here translated; but if we may judge of its value by the translation, we think it a poor concern. It is worse than folly to circulate among Sunday school children

books on the evidences of Christianity, which the first Infidel they meet can make them feel are inconclusive. Either say nothing at all on the subject, or place the evidences, as they may be, on an immovable foundation. The value we set upon the kind of evidence here introduced may be learned from our paper on Mr. Norton's Genuineness of the Four Gospels, inserted in our last number. The translator of this work may understand French, but we hope he will undertake to learn English before he attempts another translation.

The Life of William Cowper, Esq. By Robert Southey, Esq., LL. D., Poet Laureate, etc. Boston: Otis, Broaders, & Co. 1839. 2 vols. 12mo. — We are glad to see Southey's Life of Cowper republished in this country, and hope it will be followed by Southey's edition of Cowper's works. Southey is just one of those writers we have the greatest aversion to, liking neither his style nor his sentiments, his religion nor his politics; but his Life of Cowper is the best Life we have of that suffering, diseased, deranged, but noble genius. It is true he prudently forbears telling what you are most anxious to know, and is very prolix on points you care nothing about; but nevertheless it is a very interesting book, and we shall be glad to see it circulate extensively.

Illinois and the West. With a Township Map, containing the latest Surveys and Improvements. By A. D. Jones. Boston: Weeks, Jordan, & Co. 1838. A very respectable book for its good intentions, and the information it gives, and may be useful to many who wish to become acquainted with the West. Its facts, we presume, may be relied on; its speculations must be taken for what they are worth.

NORTHEASTERN BOUNDARY.

We enter into no discussion of the Northeastern Boundary question, for in our judgment it needs no discussion. The line designated by the treaty of 1783 can be easily enough ascertained, and within that line we have exclusive jurisdiction. Any attempt on the part of the British Government to prevent the State of Maine from exercising exclusive jurisdiction, or any attempt to exercise a sort of concurrent jurisdiction with her, is just as much an invasion of her territory, as it would be were the line not a matter of dispute; and Maine has, during the controversy, just as much right to repel every attempt of the sort from the territory in dispute, as she has from any other portion of her territory. The British government has no right of jurisdiction till the question is settled in its favor, because the territory has been in our possession from the first.

We have been somewhat surprised at the concessions made by our government to that of Great Britain. If we understand the purport of the President's message, and the memorandum of an agreement between the Secretary of State and the British Minister, our government has conceded to the British government, during the controversy, a sort of concurrent jurisdiction over the disputed territory; or at least, that in requiring both parties to refrain as much as possible from all acts of jurisdiction, it has placed the two governments virtually on a par. During an actually pending negotiation, this may, perhaps, be excusable, if not justifiable; but to concede this much, after the British government has refused to negotiate, is a little more liberal than sound policy demands. It is a concession that complicates the question, and gives an air of right to the totally unfounded claims of the British government. Why has our government conceded so much? Is it afraid of John Bull's blustering, or has it suffered itself to be overreached by British diplomacy? Why has it not resisted, from the first, all pretensions of the British government? Why did it in the first instance, without a shadow of reason or necessity, consent to entertain the question? Why has it conceded, even for a time, *concurrent* jurisdiction to the British government? Why has it even consented for the sake of peace to waive even for a moment, and with all proper reservations, its own exclusive jurisdiction? The government seems to us to have surrendered not a little of the advantage it originally possessed.

In saying this we do not censure the present administration. Mr. Van Buren's message was all it could be under existing circumstances; he said all he could say, considering the state in which the controversy was bequeathed to him. We do not in the least blame him; we only regret that he was not in a situation, to use stronger language, and to deny, not only the claims of the British government to *exclusive* jurisdiction, but also to even a *quasi-concurrent* jurisdiction. But happily all concessions of the kind we speak of are unconstitutional, and therefore not binding on the State of Maine, who knows well how to assert and maintain her rights.

Nor do we much approve the measure of sending a special minister to England, to urge upon her Majesty's government the settlement of the controversy. We have one minister at the Court of St James, and that is enough. Let him be instructed to inform her Majesty's government, in a firm but respectful manner, that his government can submit to no more delay in the settlement of the question in dispute, and insist upon going immediately into convention for its settlement; and let him be also instructed, if this is refused, to demand his passports and return home forthwith. Let our government then proceed to take actual military possession of the disputed territory. There should be no begging of England to negotiate. The country should be spared the humiliation of being told in the President's annual message, that there is a prospect that England will soon consent to negotiate.

We are no advocates for war; but if we are to have justice at the

hands of Great Britain, it must be by showing her that we have the sense to perceive our rights, and the spirit to maintain them. England wants that strip of land for the sake of uniting her several provinces, and for the purpose of having the means of transporting troops by way of Halifax to Quebec, and she fancies us so tame-spirited, and so absorbed in money getting, that we will readily abandon it, if its maintenance threatens to interrupt for a moment our commercial relations. She fancies that we value our commercial relations so highly, that she may bully us with impunity, and frighten us out of a portion of our patrimony. In a word, England regards us with sovereign contempt, which our knuckling to her in some degree justifies. Justice at her hands will therefore be obtained only by our assuming, in regard to her, the attitude of an equal. If she really believed that we had the spirit to go to war for the preservation of our territory, she would immediately end the controversy by abandoning her pretensions.

The commerce of England is highly advantageous to this country; but it is no more advantageous to us, than ours is to her. She has, in fact, more to lose by a war than we have. There is then no danger of a war, if we show that our rights or war is the only alternative we hold out. The controversy has been pending too long. It is time that it was settled. If England had any confidence in her own pretensions, she would insist upon having it settled. Her unwillingness to negotiate shows her view of her pretensions. She merely hopes by delay, by rendering the subject complex and troublesome, to wear out our patience, and force us to consent to a conventional line. We trust the firmness and decision of the Administration will save us from this disgrace.